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GENIUS AND DISCIPLINE IN LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a passage in Cæsar in which he tells of the panic that there was among all ranks of his army at the first prospect of having to fight with men of such tremendous reputation for size, strength, and courage as the Germans. He had to call an assembly of his officers and soldiers and reason with them on the subject. The substance of what he said was, that superiority of discipline, such as the Romans possessed, had always been found to be more than equivalent to the kind of odds that was then causing alarm, and that so confident was he in this experience, that, should all the rest of his army desert him, he would march against the Germans with the Tenth Legion alone. The reasoning had its due effect at the time; and, so long as the Romans kept up their superiority of military discipline, and had leaders with a touch of Cæsar in them, their armies, though composed of men of moderate stature and strength individually, were more than a match for those masses of great-limbed and blue-eyed Goths that lay on the frontier of the empire. In the end, the sons of Odin did thunder in victoriously and trample the Roman rule to pieces; but by that time the balance of discipline had been turned, and the intrinsically more vehement human stuff was also the better led and the more strongly regulated.

The maxim which Cæsar propounded so long ago has received many confirmations since, and is now a commonplace in all our discussions respecting the military prowess of communities in comparison with each other. But there is a world of undeveloped meaning in the maxim, as applicable not only to collective bodies of men, but to individuals, and not only to the conduct of war, but to matters more intellectual and spiritual. Every individual man among us may be viewed in respect of what may be called his natural powers, or the quantity of various faculty discernible in him; but he may be viewed also in respect of the discipline to which he subjects these powers, and by which he directs, increases, and regulates their use. Essentially, the two things are inter-related. The nature of the discipline to which a man will of his own accord submit his natural powers is determined ultimately by the nature and the mutual proportions of those powers themselves; and, on the other hand, whatever a man gains from discipline may be considered as so much added to his stock of natural endowments. But the distinction is not, on this account, the less real or useful. The military discipline of the Romans was undoubtedly a gradual creation of the natural powers and dispositions of the Roman people, and would have been different had these been different; and yet we speak properly enough of the Roman discipline as something distinct from the natural Roman *virtus*, and rendering it tenfold more

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terrible and effective. And so, in the case of an individual, we adhere with equal certainty to the distinction that may be drawn between the amount of natural faculty apparently possessed and the discipline needed to turn that amount of possibility to good actual account. Every hour we are using the distinction. Here, we say, is So-and-So, a man of splendid abilities, who might have been or done almost anything he had chosen in the world, but who has wasted his life, done nothing of visible mark or worth, and sunk, already a veteran, into the mere oracle and cynic of a dinner-table. There, we say again, is Such-another, a tight well-knit fellow of by no means great natural capacity, but who has worked what he has to the uttermost, and achieved results and position accordingly! But perhaps we realize to ourselves most strikingly both the distinction between natural power and discipline and their relations to each other, when we think of instances of men who have combined original genius of the highest mortal order with a co-equal stringency of self-discipline. Perhaps in the whole history of the world there is not such another instance of this combination as in *Cæsar* himself. He was the greatest and ablest of all Roman men, or actually by nature the most powerful brain that Rome in all her generations produced—no mere soul, either, of cool regular procedure, but with all that liability to phrenzy and inspired ecstasy, all that power of erratic and inexplicable resolve, which we associate with the word *genius*; a man who would stake his life on a vast cast, and cross a *Rubicon*, or dash open the doors of a treasury, after one meditative motion of his finger to his forehead. Yet, in this man, so endowed, what superb self-control, what ruling of the life from enterprise to enterprise and from moment to moment, what severe rationality of end and method! There is an ancient bust of *Cæsar* in the British Museum before which one could stand and look for hours. Gazing at this bust, one seems to see in the massive temples broadening back to the space over the ears, in the total

length and grandeur of the head, and then in the care-worn, thought-worn, and sorrow-furrowed face, that matchless union of vast original power with laborious and highly-disciplined purpose. It is in thinking of such a man, at all events, that one sees what discipline is and may be in an individual life—not a mere substitute for genius, or the mere drill of poor natural stuff into some show of efficiency; but the means by which genius itself is fitted to do its utmost, and leave a train of adequate results. What was the life of the Mongolian *Attila*, squab-visaged sovereign though he was of a momentary empire extending from China to the Danube, or what were the nobler lives of the Gothic *Alarics* and *Hermanns*, those savage sons of genius and chiefs of the yellow-haired hosts, compared with the life of the civilized, pale-faced, fastidious, and epileptic Roman Emperor?

What has been said more than hints in what Discipline, as regards the individual, may be said to consist. It consists in law or regulation—in power used to govern power. It identifies itself with Reason or Will, considered as the master-faculty of the total mind. The mind is compounded of tendency, appetite, acquisition, habit, wish, power, aptitude, and other things; and at each moment this compound of powers and dispositions may be considered as having rushed on to a given point, beyond which, if nothing interferes, its course is a matter of physical certainty. But at this point, we know, there *may* be interference. Reason, which is speculative Will, or Will, which is practical Reason, may step in—a power belonging to the same mind, and yet somehow rising freely out of it and looking down upon it; and this power may arrest the current, dam it back, send it on at an angle to its original direction, or let it proceed in that direction charged with a new impulse. The power of the mind to say *No* to itself is one of the most eminent, as it is one of the most common, parts of discipline. But discipline does not consist exclusively in restraint or conti-

nence. That power by which the mind criticises itself may also rouse it when it flags, may point its view to objects far and near, may divert it to new aims, or urge it by new resolutions. In either case, the act is that of imposing a law or purpose upon oneself—of first referring to some rule or notion of right, propriety, fitness, or expediency, and then coming back with a permission to do what was on the point of being done at any rate, or with a mandate to do otherwise.

Most men have, in the very traditions and rules of the professions by which they earn their bread, a discipline ready-made for them. The lawyer, the physician, the clergyman, the merchant, the engineer, and artisans of the different crafts, all more or less have been admitted into their respective walks of life through an established course of training, and have the manner of their daily activity marked out for them by institution, custom, rules of trade and penalties. Life to them, or, at least, the professional part of their life, is, to a considerable extent, governed by routine. It is very different with the man of letters. The most lawless being on earth, the being least regulated by any authority out of himself, is the literary man. What is called Bohemianism in the literary world is only an extreme instance of a phenomenon belonging to literature as such. All literature is, in a sense, though not in the same sense, a vast Bohemianism. It is the permeation of ordinary society by a tribe of wild-eyed stragglers from the far East, who are held in check in general matters by the laws of society, and many of whom, in those portions of their lives that do not appertain to the peculiar tribe-business, may be eminently respectable, and even men of rank and magistracy, but who, in what does appertain to the peculiar tribe-business, work absolutely in secret, and are free from all allegiance except to themselves, and perhaps also, in some small degree, to one another. For what is the peculiar tribe-business? It is thinking and the expression of thought.

This is the most general definition that can be given of literature. Obviously, such a mode of activity is so extensive, admits of so many varieties, that to call it a tribe-business at all, except by way of passing metaphor, would be absurd. On the crowded platform of literature there are scores of tribes inextricably intermixed, as well as stray individuals who, like Harry Gow, acknowledge no tribeship. We hear, indeed, of the brotherhood of literature, of organizations of literature and the like; but, except for certain benevolent practical purposes, these phrases, so far as they are descriptions of fact, are meaningless. There may one day be a brotherhood of literature as there may be a brotherhood of mankind, and an organization of literature as there may be an organization of human labour; but, for the present, almost as well talk of a brotherhood of men who wear wigs, or an organization of men who agree in having turquoise-rings on their fourth fingers, as of a brotherhood or organization of men of letters. What affinity, what connexion is established between two persons by the mere fact that both make the expression of thought of some kind or other their business—i.e. that both wield the pen and can construct written sentences? Surely you have first to ask what the thought is, what kind of man is at the back of the pen, what the sentences contain; and, after being amused, for example, by the writings of the late Mr. Albert Smith, you would not insist on his relationship to Mr. John Stuart Mill; nor, fresh from the perusal of the *Newgate Calendar*, would you speak of the compiler as the late Mr. Wordsworth's spiritual brother. Yet, despite this visible resolution of what is called the literary or intellectual class into as many sorts of men as there are sorts of men who do not write, there is this class-peculiarity common to them all, that, in the exercise of their craft, unless they bring impediments into it from without, they are, more than any other set of men, their own masters. Some conditions and restrictions there, indeed, are even in this

Ishmaelitish business of thinking and expressing thought. In this country most of these are summed up in the one wholesome difficulty of finding a publisher. Where the circumstances of a writer obviate this difficulty, there is still a certain vague agency of restriction in the laws of blasphemy, sedition, and libel. A closer, more forcible, and more constant kind of regulation arises from the fear of that form of public opinion which consists in the criticism by the writing-class itself of each other's productions. But, these and other forms of regulation from without allowed for, it remains true that the man of letters, or the man of intellectual pursuits, is left, more than any other, in the exercise of his special business, to the free drift of his own powers and tendencies, without any discipline save such as he may make for himself. It may be worth while to inquire, then, so far as a swift survey of known instances may serve, in what ways literary genius has been found exercising self-discipline.

The highest development of the military art is what is called Strategy. It is the part of Strategy to plan campaigns, or sometimes even a series of campaigns, in advance—to scheme, in short, the general conduct of a war from a prior consideration of data, to calculate the movements of masses over large tracts of time and country, and to arrange future battle-fields on the map. Wellington had a plan for the Peninsular war which lasted him almost through the whole of it. Now, something akin to this strategy may sometimes be discerned in the lives of men of intellect. There have been men of the intellectual order, who, at an early period of their lives, or at some period less early, have formed a resolution as to the direction of their activity for the rest of their lives, or have even planned their lives in detail a good way forward, and who, amid all the distractions of outward circumstance, and the modifications of their own views, have persevered in their resolution and kept true in the main to their plans. Without going beyond our own country,

have we not such an instance in Bacon? Did he not in youth conceive the notion of putting mankind upon a new method in the search for truth, of shifting the wheels of the human mind out of what he supposed to be the Aristotelian ruts? And through his busy life did he not toil at this notion till he gave us what we have of the *Instauratio Magna*? By this example, indeed, it is suggested that it is chiefly in the lives of men of the speculative order that we are to expect anything like strategy. There is an irresistible native drift in their constitution, or such a drift appears in the total assemblage of their powers and acquisitions at some point of their career; and, though a strong act of will on the first thorough perception of this may be necessary for perfect achievement, yet by the mere persistence of the passive tendency a certain continuity of occupations would be the result. There was, in this sense, a kind of dawdling strategy even in poor Coleridge's life. But it is not in the lives only of powerful philosophic thinkers that strategic duration and continuity of purpose may be discerned. Between the hour when Gibbon, meditating amid the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome, planned the *Decline and Fall*, and the hour, when, in the moon-lit acacia-walk at Lausanne, after having written the last page, he walked to and fro, and was sad that his work was finished, what a lapse of laborious years, what thousands of days and nights, during the changing events of which, and the fatigues of the work itself, there had been incessant need of fresh strokes of volition! In Hallam's three works, too, what have we but the connected remains of three seeming divisions of a well-planned life? The deliberate choice, therefore, of a great subject of history or research, or of several such one after another, may impart a strategic consistency to a life, as well as the spur of speculative originality or a passion for philosophic innovation. Such choice, carried out in effect, involves the consecration of years to one slowly-reached object,

the neglect meanwhile of a thousand delightful or even clamorous irrelevancies, and a heart firm against the songs of sirens on many a charming coast on the voyage. There have been, however, writers even of the poetic order in the main, or of a mixed order, in whose lives, as by a union in them of the two qualities of a strong speculative determination from the first, and a power of mere perseverance in works of labour once undertaken, the same strategic character, the same vertebration through and through by a sustained purpose, has been notably apparent. Such a writer was Milton. He put on record the nature of his intended masterpiece, and pledged himself to its achievement, seven-and-twenty years before he had leisure to do it; and all his intermediate labours were stormy preparations for it, mixed with passionate longings. Nor has the world often seen such an example of strategy in an intellectual life as in that of the poet Wordsworth. With a purpose in his head respecting himself, that iron man of imagination, that man of poetic nerve superimposed upon mere bone, that Wellington of our poesy (there is a look of Wellington in his very face), withdrew in his early prime to his native lake-district, remained there immovable except for an occasional tour, put himself on a milk-and-water regimen for purposes both of health and of economy, was ruthless enough to compel his visitors to the same regimen unless they chose to get spirits for themselves at a public-house, replied to the letters even of celebrated correspondents with a cold, sarcastic sense that seemed heartless at the time, but gives one now an impression of his real superiority, and, all the while, wrote his poems and his prefaces expounding his theory of poetry, and sent them forth to a jeering world. If among our still living British writers we should seek for one in whose life, reviewed as a whole hitherto, the same character of what may be called strategy, the same noble self-discipline on a large scale, though exercised on different material and with quite unlike results, is obvious

with all the clearness of a historic fact of our time, whom should we name but Carlyle?

Few, however, are the men of letters, even among those whom the world regards as of the very highest rank of genius, in whose intellectual career there has been anything of strategy, such as we have described it. Most literary men, God help them! do not see or scheme much farther than into the middle of next week, any more in what pertains to the conduct of their intellect than in their material concerns. Life, for them, is a succession of articles, stories, poems, essays, or whatever else it may be, suggested by occasion one after another, each occupying its portion of time, and flung over the shoulder when it is finished. It is possible, of course, as one or two of the instances cited will have suggested, that even in a life so morselled out into a series of small or not very extensive efforts, there may yet be a real strategic connexion. A writer of powerful individuality by nature, or of gradually acquired purpose, may make his life serve his intention on the plan of multisection, as well as on that of trisection, bisection, or the life-long elaboration of one great scheme. Nay, even where there is no trace of such predetermination, but a writer seems floated on from subject to subject by a mere stream of accident, or actually writes to order, still it cannot but be that, when the straggling series of his writings is finished, a certain unity will be found to pervade them. On the whole, however, so far as there is discipline or self-regulation in the life of such a writer (and the great majority of writers, and especially of popular, poetic, or imaginative writers, are included more or less), it can hardly be of the kind that could be said to constitute strategy. It is rather of the kind that is, or used to be, in military science, called Tactics.

It is not easy to say where Tactics end and Strategy begins; and, in later military theory, the distinction is little insisted on. Still, it has a meaning. Tactics, as the art of efficiently handling

forces that have been brought into a given situation, may very well be conceived as distinct from Strategy, which maps out a campaign or campaigns in advance, determines the situations into which forces are to be brought, and considers how they are to be brought thither. It used to be recognised by military men as possible that a good strategist might be a bad tactician, and, *vice versâ*, that a capital tactician might break down in strategy. With this we have less to do than with the fact that the best strategy may be ruined by bad tactics, and with this other fact—that, in so far as the phrases can be transferred to literary life, it has been chiefly in the kind of self-discipline corresponding to tactics that the majority of men of literary genius have been called upon to prove themselves. In the literary life of Shakespeare himself, admirably and prudently arranged as was his life as a man of the world, there is next to nothing of intentional strategy, but only magnificent tactics. As a dramatist and theatre-manager he takes up one subject after another as a subject on which a play is to be written; and, though there may have been some strategy, intellectual as well as commercial, in his consecutive choice of subjects, it is too lax for detection. What we see when we try to represent to ourselves any moment of his life as a poet is simply his magnificent mind engaged on this or that particular dramatic subject—i.e. those Warwickshire forces acting for the moment in a given situation into which somehow they have been brought. In what else did his literary life consist than in *extempore* invention and expression—in saying on each subject that occurred to him, and in connexion with each situation he fancied, the greatest possible instantaneous quantity of deep, rich, and splendid things? Or take Shakespeare's later cousin, Scott. He, too, was a man of firm, steady, personal character. There were, moreover, visible in him from the first marked constitutional tendencies or veins of sentiment, which necessarily pre-determined to some extent the nature and direction of his

authorship; and in the retrospect of his writings, as a whole, there is therefore to be seen a greater connectedness than in the retrospect of Shakespeare's. But in Scott, too, the kind of literary self-discipline chiefly exemplified was that needed for the management of subject after subject lightly taken up on popular grounds rather than in studied series. And, if Scott and Shakespeare were thus tacticians rather than strategists in their literary lives, our present men of letters need not take it ill, if it is asserted that the same observation holds true of the majority of their body.

It is time, however, to see whether one may not enunciate a principle or two of this said discipline or art of literary self-regulation—such principles, we mean, as will generally be found to have been practised by writers of really effective literary genius, and which, at all events, may be safely recommended to any now-a-days who, conscious of literary power, are anxious for its just and permanently effective use. In what follows we have regard chiefly to that kind of literary self-regulation which we have compared to Tactics. As Strategy, however, depends on Tactics, any principles that may be established even within these limits will, doubtless, be found, by expansion, to be principles of intellectual self-discipline in general.

1. There is the principle of negative Truth—or of striving hard never to say anything that one does not really think. "Striving hard," we say; for, without any excessive harshness of judgment, this strength of phrase does not seem unnecessary in reference to things as they exist. Speaking for myself at least, I cannot but be of opinion, from what I see daily, that, rich and variously able as our now current literature is beyond that of any previous British age, there is yet a great deal of petty untruthfulness in it which it would require some rigour of self-discipline to cast out.

Perhaps it is in the critical department that this petty untruthfulness most abounds, or is most easily detected. I have seen over and over again, I see every week, critical notices in which it is

obvious to me, because of my own previous acquaintance with the productions noticed, that the writers have never read those productions, have probably never even glanced at them, but have at a venture set down words concerning them on the chance of their proving to be about right. I have seen one of the gravest and most thoughtful authors of the day referred to by name, in perfect seriousness, as a "light and humorous" writer—the critic thinking it incumbent on him to seem to know something of the author, and not knowing even the nature of his reputation. And, again and again, I meet with epithets applied to books or papers, supposed to be at that moment on the table of the critic and under his eye, the utter inapplicability of which by any force of contortion to those books or papers tells, as clearly as an affidavit, that Mr. Critic did not even interrogate his paper-knife when it had cut the leaves. This kind of untruthfulness—the untruthfulness of pretending to know where one does not know—is naturally most common in those quarters where reviewing has to be done in masses and in a hurry; and one ought not to forget, in these circumstances, the really astonishing amount of honesty which is, after all, shown in these quarters, in consequence both of conscience on the part of many who labour, and of good business-arrangement on the part of some who direct.

There is a literary dishonesty which requires stronger precautions against it than that of mere statement beyond one's knowledge. It is the dishonesty of statement *against* one's knowledge. In critical literature, especially, malice, envy, ill-will, or, on the other hand, personal connexions of interest or friendship, all operate so as to make it very difficult for the best of us to avoid saying what, if we stopped ourselves and asked, "Do I really think what I am now saying?" we should be obliged to confess we did *not* think. We take up a book by So-and-So, a man whom we do not like, or whom for some reason or other we wish at Jericho. We read on with sneering nostrils, and with gloom on our brows;

but it chanced that, as we read, in spite of this black mood, there comes stroke after stroke of real power upon our intellectual nerve, upon our sense for what is good in thought, in humour, in fancy! How many of us are there that, in these circumstances, relax, yield, own ourselves conquered, let the clouds clear away, cry out "That's good, were you Beelzebub himself!" and then, afterwards, in giving our opinion of the book, say exactly what we caught ourselves thinking while we read it, and not what, in our malice, we hoped we should think, or perhaps still, in our malice, try to think? Or, again, we read a book by that important friend, or that delightful lady, and are bound to review it. As we read, we are as bland and placid as a lake under sunshine; we wait expectingly; let there be the least tremor of intellectual motion, the most casual passage of real power, and we shall respond to it eagerly. But no; there is none; from the first page to the last all is dreary, weary, watery, wordy! Where is the Aristides that, in such a case, will—we do not say, express all he does think—but honestly refrain from every approach to saying what he has not been able to think in the least degree?

But all the amount of such dishonesty in literature, arising from private malice or private benevolence, is as nothing compared with the aggregate of petty untruthfulness imported into our current literature by public animosities, political or religious. That wretched polarization of our whole national thought, since 1688, into the two antagonistic currents of common Whiggism and common Toryism, has, indeed, now well-nigh ceased. But there are other antagonisms extant or rising. Perhaps it is in religious controversy that untruthfulness is most rank. How is it that among our liberal and cultured laymen of all sects it is beginning to be a simultaneous belief that the so-called religious journals, whether of their own or of other sects, are, with few exceptions, about the most unscrupulous of periodical publi-

cations, the least truthful, candid, or manly? Where do we find so much as in some of these organs, not only of narrowness of sentiment, of an oblivion of all things on earth lying out of the circle of a few interests, and of slovenly literary faculty, but also of reckless statement, of fulsome adulation of two or three people, and of rabidly malicious insinuation against all who differ from these? Surely a writer might hold firmly to his own religious party, were it the most special that exists, and yet be in the habit of seeing that he really knows or believes a thing before he sets it down. And yet, even when we leave the lower literature of expressly sectarian journals and attend to the articles of able theological controversy that occasionally flame in higher regions, do we not find instances of things asserted as matter of fact, which, had the writer been checked and cross-examined, he would have been obliged to admit were, for him, mere matters of wish, vague supposition, or angry clap-trap. For example, when we find champions on one side of the great theological controversy of the present day not answering the arguments they denounce, but making the assertion that all the arguments on the other side have been triumphantly demolished over and over again, so that to reply once more would only be to slay the slain, are we really to believe that the gentlemen speak what they know? There may be men who could, by reason of their great learning, make such an assertion *bond fide*; and so we suppose there may be men who could say truly they had been in Central Africa. But, if ten men in a room, one after another, were to tell you they had been in Central Africa—much more if you never met anybody that did not, on a particular turn of the conversation, tell you he had been in Central Africa—you would begin to suspect that “having been in Central Africa” was a phrase meaning not at all what the plain words imply, but only that one had read a review of Park’s Travels, or had once seen a panorama of the Nile, or had recently met a negro in an omnibus, or

something of that sort. There is no end, however, to the forms of this vice. I have read crushing replies to one heterodox French philosopher, in which the name of the poor man so crushed was uniformly misspelt. Now, I do not deny that one may have a sufficient acquaintance with a philosopher’s views, and yet not be able to spell his name. But, to say the least, it looks ill, it looks ill.

2. Another principle of self-discipline, capable of being identified with the former, but worthy of being separately named, is that of Temperance, or Suspension of Judgment. Here, again, it is best at once to go to examples. It is very gratifying in many cases, and at the same time very easy, to call a man from whom we differ an ass, a ruffian, an ape, a reptile, or a lunatic. If we should chance not to like a painting, a capital way of saying so is to pronounce it *base*. And so, like Dickens’s Mr. Boythorn, we may go about always in a rage and hurricane of superlatives—seeing or hearing of nothing wrong, should it be but a misquotation or a small impertinence, but straightway the wrong-doer should be kicked, burnt alive, or hanged, drawn, and quartered. But, if we blaze away our powder at that rate, what is to become of us? Why fire an Armstrong gun when a pistol-shot is enough; why move a battalion in double column to do what may be done by a file-march of six men? The time may come when the biggest and most blackguardly word in the dictionary might with perfect fitness be hurled out—when ass, ruffian, ape, reptile, and lunatic might come forth with a precision of application quite exquisite, and when burning alive, or hanging, drawing and quartering would exactly suit. But, if all your big words have been already in constant service, they have, in fact, been rubbed into little ones; if you have been hanging, drawing, and quartering all your life for peccadilloes, what are you to do with crimes? Here, as in other things, bluster is often but weakness, and the strength most to be dreaded shows

itself in gradation, in the proportioning of energy to occasion, in mildness when there is little to do, in reserve of power when the demand for exertion is moderate, in reserve of power still when that demand increases, still in reserve of power stage after stage of waxing excitement, and only in total paroxysm without reserve in a rare and last extremity.

"But, when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing
of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune."

A rule of self-discipline, therefore, with literary genius, ought to be Temperance, or a determination that the words spoken shall be not only words of truth but also words of soberness. In using the phrase Suspension of Judgment as synonymous or nearly so with Temperance, we have, however, indicated a particular extension or application of the rule. It happens to all of us in ordinary society, for example, to be frequently called upon, or at least tempted, to give an opinion upon some subject on which we are really not competent to give one; and public writers are especially liable to this call or temptation. A revolution occurs somewhere abroad, or some important political measure is suddenly brought forward at home, or out of the mere ferment of thought on non-political matters there arises some question for discussion. Straightway there is a rush of the writing-class to the point of commotion; and, for days, weeks, or months, as the case may be, the press teems with articles, pamphlets, letters, and essays on the topic of interest. Now, in the present well-organized state of our public press, it is to be supposed that a great many of those who thus carry on the discussion of important questions as they arise are persons who have had previous acquaintance with these questions, or at least with the data needed for their settlement. A person who writes in an authoritative journal on a

new revolution somewhere in the Austrian dominions is supposed to be well up in the history and politics of the Austrian Empire; and so on. Farther, there are such things as general principles of human nature, of political economy, of politics, &c., on the faith of which those who are in the possession of them may proceed to argue, in an *a priori* or deductive manner, on questions suddenly brought before them. Perhaps all the most valid argumentation on social subjects is of this kind. But there are many persons who have neither any adequate prior information bearing on the questions that are being discussed round about them, nor any apparatus of principles by which to grasp these questions so as to get at sure conclusions. What is to be done in such a case? When all the world is arguing, it is hard to sit by and say nothing—hardest of all for one whose business is speech. Hence the spectacle every day of dogmatism where there is neither knowledge of data nor possession of the requisite apparatus of principles. But, great as are the temptations to this *extempore* certitude of conclusion beyond the warrant either of one's knowledge or of one's intellectual and moral instincts, it is a proper part of self-discipline to withstand them. So far as a writer's knowledge goes, so far as his instincts, principles, or acquired articles of belief will cut into the question, so far, and no farther, ought he to asserate. Or, if such a half-and-half course would be cowardly, and there should be an imperative duty of coming to a definite conclusion to be proclaimed and maintained, then there remains this obvious plan of becoming qualified—a study of the question, purposely undertaken. This simple phrase, "A study of the question," is one the habit of repeating which for one's own behoof would do a world of good. It is in the power of the mind, when it is perplexed as to the conclusion to be come to, and yet must come to a conclusion, to do, in a small way, what Government almost always does before it proceeds to legislate on a complex matter—issue a

commission of inquiry, to collect evidence and report. Nay, even when the mind is borne along by faith in certain instinctive or acquired principles so as to see and be sure of the conclusion it will press for, this plan of a commission to collect all the facts, and of suspension of judgment on the chance of new light so to arise, may often be followed with advantage. There have been of late, for example, some cases of garotting in the streets of London by ticket-of-leave men. This shows certainly that something is wrong; but what has happened? Why, on the spur of very natural indignation at this one fact, a sudden leap of a hundred frantically-excited writers at once to the conclusion, not only that the Ticket-of-Leave System is radically wrong, but also that the whole of that Humanitarian movement, as it is derisively called, which, for a generation past, has, under the conduct of able and thoughtful men, and in accordance with the progressive sense of mankind, been modifying the treatment of our criminals, ought to be forthwith reversed, and there ought to be a plunge back again into the grand barbaric system of floggings, starvation, galley-slavery, and hangings of half-dozens at a time. Now, where writers have arrived at this conclusion on general principles, and only take the garottings as an occasion on which to expound it, they are, on our present score, blameless. The cases of such strongly-founded opinion, however, seem to be rare. In the general, the reasoning is simply this: There have been garottings; *ergo*, by way of cure, let chaos come again! Perhaps no great harm is done. The fury lulls; other voices are heard; and, before there can be action, there is discussion and a balance of conflicting judgments. But how much better that each one should transact within himself as much of the unavoidable confusion of argument as he can, so that, when he speaks, it may be clearly, thoroughly, and wisely!

3. There is the principle of Sufficient Intellection (allow me the uncouth word), or, let us say rather, of Sufficiently-

organized Intellection, Sufficient Logical Strictness. This principle, also, grows out of the preceding, and may be resolved back into it; but it admits of separate development. Within its domain may be brought, among other things, almost all that belongs to the subject of style.

Writers differ very much in their habits of thought and composition. Some are slow and laborious, and, if they produce a page a day, are content; others are swift, exuberant, fluent, and let the written pages fall on the floor, a dozen or twenty at a sitting; others are fast or slow as occasion acts and it pleases the printer's devil. Perhaps it is in our conception of genius that it should be always naturally fluent, and that, if it moves slowly or warily, it is by self-enforced discipline. We hear now-a-days of a new mode of literary invention and composition, especially in the department of metaphysics and poetry, or in mixed poetry and metaphysics, discovered by the spirit-rappers. You sit down at a table, you or any other man, with the paper before you and the pen in your hand; you make your mind as nearly a blank as you can; you abjure all effort, all self-consciousness, all thought of this or that; you let yourself swoon into a state of Hindoo trance; you sit, you sit, you sit, and wait. Lo, some time—not the first time perhaps, but some time, if you persevere—a power will seize you; some spirit from the Spirit-world, passing accidentally your way and seeing the opportunity, or despoiling you from his place afar off amid the spiritual populations and hierarchies, will elect you as his medium; your whole frame will heave, your whole being tingle; you will become as an Æolian harp moaning to invisible breezes; of itself your hand will begin to move, and over the paper it will rush, writing, writing—O, so marvellously!—till nature no longer can sustain the ecstatic working, and you fall down in exhaustion. Such specimens as we have seen of literature so produced have been, we must say, terrible stuff—stuff that would not be creditable to authorship under the in-

fluence of common spirits of alcohol, to let alone supernatural spirits. But in this alleged heavenly mode of composition there is, at least, an image of what, within more natural limits, does often occur when genius is in motion with the steam fully up. The hand moves in writing, and, as it moves, thought after thought comes to it from God knows where. Pshaw! there is no mystery about it—from the mind governed by the laws of association of ideas! Well, that may be one way of expressing it; but, for giving any vivid notion of the reality, it is like angling for Leviathan with a hook. Mind, in the act of inventing or composing, what a miracle it is! A chamber, as we fancy it, and yet a chamber to which there are no walls, no roof, no bounds; a vast transparent space, in the nearer part of which, where it narrows towards utterance, there are the most perceptible stirrings and throbings, but the whole of which also is clouding and revolving, back to where internal vision ends, and where, for aught that it can tell, there *may* be Powers and Spirits of the Supernatural moving and causing motion; an orderly reappearing, in that airy space, of recollections that well up or shower themselves down, unbidden or hardly bidden, out of lower or upper depths where they have lain inexplicably concealed; a gradual shaking out, as in distinct flocks, and yet all in definite relation and sequence, of some required or available selection of life's miscellaneous memoranda and old forgotten photographs! Such is the process of thought or intellection, as it is practised by all, and more especially in the production of literature. But it may be practised well or ill, rapidly or slowly, with strong purpose or with weak purpose. Hence, as well as from the differences of original constitution and of experience, the endless varieties in what is called a writer's mode of thought, and in his style or diction.

In all literature, worthy of the name, there should, first of all, be sufficient intellection. The mind should really have been at work, and—whether swiftly

or laboriously matters not, if the result is equally attained—should have produced something sufficiently valuable or interesting that did not before exist. This qualification “that did not before exist” is an essential one. It sweeps into nothing, as not really literature at all, save in the etymological sense of smearing or daubing, vast masses of what is every day offered as literature. But, in connexion with this matter of sufficient intellection, one might have a grievous fault to find with a great deal of the most honest and strenuous literary criticism of our time. Whether it is that many of our critics are themselves stunted and broken-winded authors, or whatever else is the cause, certain it is that there is largely diffused through our British critical world a notion as if “sufficient intellection” consisted always in low intellection, in good plain intellection within limits. There are critics, and perfectly honest critics, who fly at every appearance of richness, involution, height, subtlety, picturesqueness, largeness, depth, exuberance, or enthusiasm of thought, like a bull at a red rag. The great masters of our literature that are dead and gone, in all of whom some combination or other of these qualities is apparent—why else are they called great!—these, of course, they do not meddle with. Verse also they generally, though not always, let alone—regarding it perhaps as a form of literature prescriptively licensed for all kinds of intellectual ingenuity and braggardism. They reserve their attacks for Prose. There is but one style of prose that they have any patience for, though they do admit that it is capable of some legitimate range of variation in the matter of syntax—that which may be called good business prose, such as intelligent and educated persons use in ordinary conversation. Anything beyond such plain business prose, or the proximate developments of it, irritates them exceedingly. Now, it is useless to argue on the matter with such critics themselves. They labour under an incurable incapacity of seeing reason on the subject. They have never caught

a glimpse of the principle which it ought to be the chief effect, one would think, of all liberal and academic education to impress upon those who have partaken of its benefits—to wit, that, on every subject and in every department, the well-being of the world depends on power of indefinite advance from what is ordinary or proximate, on the concession to as many as choose of liberty of intellection on and on, according to their own methods, even till, it may be, they are out of sight, not only of the general multitude, but of all save the fleetest few. Fancy a Mathematics, for example, that should now consist, or that should all along have consisted, only of the ordinary mathematics in use in good society, and of its proximate developments! It ought to be seen that, with certain variations due to the nature of the case, the same holds good of Literature—that, so far from literature being, or being required to be, a reproduction of the ordinary talk of common society, there is no fragment of literature of any kind whatever that, through six consecutive lines, answers exactly to this description; and that, in all superior literature, the very peculiarity that makes it superior consists in excess of deviation from this standard, or in the protraction into a business of hours, weeks, months, or years, of what appears in ordinary conversation only at its very best, and then only in gleams or crude suggestions. In short, nothing is more important than that, in theory at least, there should be vindicated for literature, and for prose literature as well as for verse, the right of untrammelled representation, whether as regards matter or as regards form, of whatever any mind, however extraordinary, can, by its most energetic or most persevering action, evolve or generate. Practically, by reason of the power which really thoughtful and cultivated critics do wield, a large amount of our truly best and greatest literature has the benefit of this safeguard. Hence every year we see books of the highest power, in certain kinds—books of calm, laborious thought, or of delicate and

ingenious investigation—taking their place not only without challenge, but with nearly unanimous welcome. But there are kinds of literature which, though theoretically legitimate, are not so safe practically. They are those kinds in which very exuberant, very rich, very vehement, or very impassioned genius is apt to manifest itself—those kinds which are the least held in check, not only by contemporary expectation, but even by literary precedents, and which, in respect of style and form, tend to, or actually end in, what (to save farther trouble of exact description by using popular terms) may be called Prose-poetry, Eloquence, Magniloquence, or Rhapsody.

Nevertheless, without exculpating the critics, here too we may say that the writers often enough have themselves to blame. Throwing aside, as not worth speaking of, all these masses of so-called eloquent writing, appearing every day, which are simply eloquence on false pretences—those heaps of turgid, verbose, grandiose, sentence-making, in which, when they are duly compressed, there is not the size of a pin's-head of real thought or meaning, and which often are but a species of conscious charlatanry—throwing these aside, and attending only to such gorgeous, or eloquent, or otherwise strangely-motived prose as *may* be the natural and necessary element of real genius of certain extraordinary kinds, one may assert, and support the assertion by instances, that, though such writers must always expect to work against a stronger current of critical irritation and opposition than others, yet much of the irritation and opposition they do encounter arises from neglect of the rigid self-discipline which they, above others, require. By them, too, there is often a neglect of those two principles of self-discipline which have been already specified—the principle of negative truthfulness, and the principle of temperance or suspension of judgment. The mere rigorous recollection and application of these two principles would clear the writing of such men of much that is objectionable in it. Put

more is needed in their case. There is needed an exercise, close and continuous, of a higher and more complex principle of self-regulation, which is commonly recognised under the name of compression, or concentration, but which we have chosen to describe as intellection sufficiently organized, or sufficient logical strictness.

This principle, as has just been said, is highly complex. It involves at least several sub-principles, of which two are these—the systematic rejection, in every case, of what is already trite, or thoroughly known to every human being within the circle of those addressed; and the equally systematic rejection of whatever, though not trite, is yet irrelevant, or incapable of adhering to the minds of those addressed, for even a single second, so as to further the purpose in view. This second sub-principle is the one the offences against which it might be the most interesting to illustrate. In no kind of literature is it so frequently offended against as in that kind of descriptive literature, now so common, which tries to vie with painting. A perfect piece of verbal description is that in which the words shall hit off to the imagination or mental vision of the reader, in the clearest and most vivid manner possible, the reality described. Yet how often in the description, for example, of a landscape or a cataract, are we caught in a page or in several pages of words which neither ear, eye, nor effort of conception can interpret into any more definite image of the landscape or cataract intended than would have been conveyed at once by the mere substantives “landscape” or “cataract,” together with a touch or two of distinctive epithet rightly added!

Without pursuing, however, the illustration of either of the sub-principles, one may point out that, practically, the due degree of obedience to both is, for the majority of writers of the class now in question, chiefly a matter of the time they allow themselves, or are allowed by circumstances. Where there is hurry, or sudden ex-

citement, there, notwithstanding the stimulus which genius often finds in such a state of affairs, matter must, in the main, be set down as it comes, and there is little room for organization or deliberate revision, *i.e.* for the application of intellect to direct and control itself. Hence one may allege that the fault in all such cases, even where the intellectual action seems most rapid, spontaneous, and prolific, is really, in one way or another, *insufficiency* of intellection. Sufficiency of intellectual expenditure on whatever is produced—this is the absolute rule of all goodness in literature. Or—to state the thing otherwise, and more particularly—that which determines the relative value of all literary productions in the long run, whether they are historical, poetical, or in a precise sense speculative, is the kind and amount of speculative thought incorporated in them, or in which they took their origin. Great literature is literature pervaded, in whatever manner, by great speculative meaning and purpose; rich literature is literature abounding, throughout its parts, with rich intellectual substance; perfect literature is literature in which every paragraph, sentence, or clause is nerved to its last atom with just and vital thought.

Other principles there are of literary self-discipline well worth elucidation. But here we must stop. The remarks on which we have ventured in this paper have been in the main suggested by the perusal of the recently published “Memoir of Christopher North,”¹ or rather by the perusal of that Memoir taken in connexion with the recollections and criticisms of Christopher and his ways which it has called forth. If ever there was a man of genius, and of really great genius, it was the late Professor Wilson. From the moment when his magnificent physique and the

¹ ‘Christopher North’: a Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Compiled from Family Papers and other Sources by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Two vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1862.

vehement, passionate, ennui-dispelling nature that it so fitly enshrined, first burst upon literary society at Oxford, at the Lakes, and at Edinburgh, there was but one verdict respecting him. It was that which Scott and other competent judges expressed when they declared, as they did repeatedly, that Wilson had powers that might make him, in literature, the very first man of his generation. Moreover, what he actually did, in the course of his five-and-thirty years of literary life, remains to attest the amount and vigour of his faculty. In quantity it is large; in kind most various. In the general literature of Britain, a place of real importance is accorded to Christopher North, while his own compatriots—with that power of enthusiastic, simultaneous, and, as it were, national regard for their eminent men, either while yet living or after they are just dead, which distinguishes them from their neighbours the English,—have added him to the list of those illustrious Scots whom they so delight to count over in chronological series, and whom they remember with affection. And yet, not only in disinterested England, but even among admiring Scotchmen themselves, there have been critical comments and drawbacks of opinion with respect to Wilson's literary career and the evidences of his genius that remain; and these are finding expression more than ever in connexion with the present memoir of him by his daughter. So far as I have seen, almost all these criticisms and drawbacks really resolve themselves into an assertion that Wilson, though a man of extraordinary natural powers, did not do justice to them by discipline—that he was, intellectually as well as physically, like one of those Goths of great personal prowess, much of whose prowess went to waste for want of stringent self-regulation, and who, as respects the total efficiency of

their lives, were often equalled or beaten by men of more moderate build, but that build Roman. How far this opinion is well founded there may, perhaps, be an opportunity of inquiring at some other time. In the meantime, let us recommend Mrs. Gordon's memoir of her nobly-gifted father. It is not such a *Life of Wilson* as would have been produced, had his sons-in-law, Professor Ferrier and Professor Aytoun, or either of them, co-operated in the task with their practised literary power. In some parts, and especially near the beginning, the information supplied is thin and hazy, so that we do not see, with the distinctness desirable in a biography, what was what or who was who. There is also less throughout of carefully accumulated matter of social, political, and literary reminiscence than might fairly have been associated with Professor Wilson's life; and, as he seems to have been one of those men of power who do not throw much of it into letters, such letters of his as are given do not greatly make up for this want. But the memoir is most pleasantly written—with much modest tact wherever the writer herself speaks, with a careful and judicious arrangement of the materials at her disposal, and, in that part of her father's life over which her own filial recollections extend, with graphic fidelity and graceful tenderness. In the materials, also, contained in the shape of extracts and correspondence, there is a great deal to interest, of one kind or another, from first to last. One element of especially pungent interest consists in copies of satirical pencil-sketches and in extracts from the satirical letters of that strange, moody, Mephistophelic, but singularly able, man of letters, of whom the world ought to know more than it yet does—Wilson's first fellow-writer in *Blackwood*, and his friend through life—John Gibson Lockhart.

THE WATER-BABIES :

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

CHAPTER V.

AND what became of little Tom ?

He slipped away off the rocks into the water, as I said before. But he could not help thinking of little Ellie. He did not remember who she was ; but he knew that she was a little girl, though she was a hundred times as big as he. That is not surprising : size has nothing to do with kindred. A tiny weed may be first cousin to a great tree ; and a little dog like Vick knows that Lioness is a dog too, though she is twenty times larger than herself. So Tom knew that Ellie was a little girl, and thought about her all that day, and longed to have had her to play with ; but he had very soon to think of something else. And here is the account of what happened to him, as it was published next morning in the *Waterproof Gazette*, on the finest watered paper, for the use of the great fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, who reads the news very carefully every morning, and especially the police cases, as you will hear very soon.

He was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, watching the pollock catch prawns, and the wrasses nibble barnacles off the rocks, shells and all, when he saw a round cage of green withes ; and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.

"What, have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lock-up ?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little indignant at such a notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue ; so he only said, "I can't get out."

"Why did you get in ?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish." He had thought it looked and smelt very

nice, when he was outside, and so it did, for a lobster : but now he turned round and abused it, because he was angry with himself.

"Where did you get in ?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out through it ?"

"Because I can't ;" and the lobster twiddled his horns more fiercely than ever, but he was forced to confess.

"I have jumped upwards, downwards, backwards, and sideways, at least four thousand times, and I can't get out ; I always get up underneath there, and can't find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and, having more wit than the lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter ; as you may, if you will look at a lobster-pot.

"Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me, and I'll pull you through hindforemost, and then you won't stick in the spikes."

But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he couldn't hit the hole. Like a great many fox-hunters, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own country : but as soon as they get out of it they lose their heads ; and so the lobster, so to speak, lost his tail.

Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him, till he caught hold of him ; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in, head foremost.

"Hullo ! here is a pretty business," said Tom. "Now take your great claws, and break the points off those spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

"Dear me, I never thought of that," said the lobster ; "and after all the experience of life that I have had !"

You see, experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has wit

enough to make use of it. For a good many people, like old Polonius, have seen all the world, and yet remain little better than blokes and boddles after all.

But they had not got half the spikes away, when they saw a great dark cloud over them; and lo, and behold, it was the otter.

How she did grin and girn when she saw Tom. "Yar!" said she, "you little meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot, to get in.

Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than valiant Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose, and held on.

And there they were all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very tight packing it was. And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

How glad he was when he got out: but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and, the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it, and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom; "don't you see she is dead?" And so she was, quite drowned and dead.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to haul up the pot.

But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman haul him up to the boatside, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman, he gave such a furious and tremendous snap, that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pot, and

safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his stupid head to let go, after all, so he just shook his claw off, as the easier method. It was something of a bull, that; but you must know the lobster was an Irish lobster, and was hatched off Island Magee, at the mouth of Belfast Lough.

And that was the end of the wicked otter.

Tom asked him why he never thought of letting go. He said very determinedly, that it was a point of honour among lobsters. And so it is, as the mayor of Plymouth found out once, to his cost—eight or nine hundred years ago, of course; for if it had happened lately it would be personal to mention it.

For one day he was so tired with sitting on a hard chair, in a grand furred gown, with a gold chain round his neck, hearing one policeman after another come in and say, "What shall we do with the drunken sailor, so early in the morning?" and answering them each exactly alike—

"Put him in the round house till he gets sober, so early in the morning!"

That, when it was over, he jumped up, and played leap-frog with the town-clerk till he burst his buttons, and then had his luncheon, and burst some more buttons, and then said: "It is a low spring tide; I shall go out this afternoon and cut my capers."

Now he did not mean to cut such capers as you eat with boiled mutton. It was the commandant of artillery at Valetta who used to amuse himself with cutting them, and who stuck upon one of the bastions a notice, "No one allowed to cut capers here but me," which greatly edified the midshipmen in port, and the Maltese on the Nix Mangiare stairs. But all that the mayor meant was that he would go and have an afternoon's fun, like any school-boy, and catch lobsters with an iron hook.

So to the Mewstone he went, and for lobsters he looked. And, when he came to a certain crack in the rocks, he was so excited, that, instead of putting in his hook, he put in his hand; and Mr.

Lobster was at home, and caught him by the finger, and held on.

"Yah!" said the mayor, and pulled as hard as he dared: but the more he pulled the more the lobster pinched, till he was forced to be quiet.

Then he tried to get his hook in with his other hand; but the hole was too narrow.

Then he pulled again; but he could not stand the pain.

Then he shouted and bawled for help; but there was no one nearer him than the men-of-war inside the breakwater.

Then he began to turn a little pale; for the tide flowed, and still the lobster held on.

Then he turned quite white; for the tide was up to his knees, and still the lobster held on.

Then he thought of cutting off his finger; but he wanted two things to do it with—courage and a knife; and he had got neither.

Then he turned quite yellow; for the tide was up to his waist, and still the lobster held on.

Then he thought over all the naughty things he ever had done: all the sand which he had put in the sugar, and the sloe-leaves in the tea, and the water in the treacle, and the salt in the tobacco (because his brother was a brewer, and a man must help his own kin).

Then he turned quite blue; for the tide was up to his breast, and still the lobster held on.

Then, I have no doubt, he repented fully of all the said naughty things which he had done, and promised to mend his life, as too many do, when they think they have no life left to mend. Whereby, as they fancy, they make a very cheap bargain. But the old fairy with the birch rod soon undeceives them.

And then he grew all colours at once, and turned up his eyes like a duck in thunder; for the water was up to his chin, and still the lobster held on.

And then came a man-of-war's boat round the Mewstone, and saw his head sticking up out of the water. One said it was a keg of brandy, and another that it was a cocoanut, and another that it

was a buoy loose, and another that it was a black diver, and wanted to fire at it, which would not have been pleasant for the mayor: but just then such a yell came out of a great hole in the middle of it that the midshipmen in charge guessed what it was; and bid pull up to it as fast as they could. And somehow or other the Jack-tars got the lobster out, and set the mayor free, and put him ashore at the Barbican! He never went lobster-catching again; and we will hope he put no more salt in the tobacco, not even to sell his brother's beer.

And that is the story of the Mayor of Plymouth, which has two advantages—first, that of being quite true; and second, that of having (as folks say all good stories ought to have) no moral whatsoever; no more, indeed, has any part of this book, because it is a fairy tale, you know.

And now happened to Tom a most wonderful thing; for he had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a water-baby.

A real live water-baby, sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, "Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby!" Oh, how delightful!

And it ran to Tom, and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other for ever so long, they did not know why. But they did not want any introductions there under the water.

At last Tom said, "Oh, where have you been all this while? I have been looking for you so long, and I have been so lonely."

"We have been here for days and days. There are hundreds of us about the rocks. How was it you did not see us, or hear us when we sing and romp every evening before we go home?"

Tom looked at the baby again, and then he said:

"Well, this is wonderful! I have seen things just like you again and again, but I thought you were shells, or sea-creatures. I never took you for water-babies like myself."

Now, was not that very odd? So odd, indeed, that you will, no doubt, want to know how it happened, and why Tom could never find a water-baby till after he had got the lobster out of the pot. And, if you will read this story nine times over, and then think for yourself, you will find out why. It is not good for little boys to be told everything, and never to be forced to use their own wits. They would learn, then, no more than they do at Dr. Dulcimer's famous "suburban establishment for the idler members of the youthful aristocracy"—where the masters learn the lessons, and the boys hear them—which saves a great deal of trouble—for, the time being.

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me, or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is time to go home."

"What shall I help you at?"

"At this poor dear little rock; a great clumsy boulder came rolling by in the last storm, and knocked all its head off, and rubbed off all its flowers. And now I must plant it again with seaweeds, and coralline, and anemones, and I will make it the prettiest little rock-garden on all the shore."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it, and smoothed the sand down round it, and capital fun they had till the tide began to turn. And then Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing, and singing, and shouting, and romping. And the noise they made was just like the noise of the ripple. So he knew that he had been hearing and seeing the water-babies all along; only he did not know them, because his eyes and ears were not opened.

And in they came, dozens and dozens of them, some bigger than Tom and some smaller, all in the neatest little white bathing dresses; and when they found that he was a new baby they hugged him and kissed him, and then put him in the middle, and danced round him on the sand, and there was no one ever so happy as poor little Tom.

"Now then," they cried all at once, "we must come away home, we must

come away home, or the tide will leave us dry. We have mended all the broken sea-weed, and put all the rock pools in order, and planted all the shells again in the sand, and nobody will see where the ugly storm swept in last week."

And this is the reason why the rock pools are always so neat and clean; because the water-babies come in shore after every storm, to sweep them out, and comb them down, and put them all to rights again.

Only where men are wasteful and dirty, and let sewers run into the sea, instead of putting the stuff upon the fields, like thrifty reasonable souls, or throw herrings' heads, and dead dog-fish, or any refuse, into the water, or in any way make a dirt upon the clean shore, there the water-babies will not come, sometimes not for hundreds of years (for they cannot abide anything smelly or foul,) but leave the sea-anemones and the crabs to clear away everything, till the good tidy sea has covered up all the dirt in soft mud and clean sand, where the water-babies can plant live cockles and whelks, and razor shells, and sea-cucumbers, and golden-combs, and make a pretty live garden again, after man's dirt is cleared away. And that, I suppose, is the reason why there are no water-babies at any watering-place which I have ever seen.

And where is the home of the water-babies? In St. Brandan's fairy isle.

Did you never hear of the blessed St. Brandan, how he preached to the wild Irish, on the wild Connemara coast; he and five other hermits, till they were weary, and longed to rest? For the wild Irish would not listen to them, or come to confession and to mass, but liked better to brew potheen, and dance the pater'pee, and knock each other over the head with shillelaghs, and shoot each other from behind turf-dykes, and steal each other's cattle, and burn each other's homes; till St. Brandan and his friends were weary of them, for they would not learn to be peaceable Christians at all.

So St. Brandan went to the top of

old Kylemore, and looked out over the Atlantic far away. And there, before the setting sun, he saw a blue fairy sea, and golden fairy islands, and he said, "Those are the islands of the blest." And he and his friends got into a hooker, and sailed away and away to the westward, and were never heard of more. But the people who would not hear him were changed into gorillas, and gorillas they are until this day.

And when St. Brandan and the hermits came to that fairy isle, they found it overgrown with cedars, and full of beautiful birds; and he sat down under the cedars, and preached to all the birds in the air. And they liked his sermons so well that they told the fishes in the sea; and they came, and St. Brandan preached to them; and the fishes told the water-babies, who live in the caves under the isle; and they came up by hundreds every Sunday, and St. Brandan got quite a neat little Sunday-school. And there he taught the water-babies for a great many hundred years, till his eyes grew too dim to see, and his beard grew so long that he dared not walk, for fear of treading on it, and then he might have tumbled down. And, at last, he and the five hermits fell fast asleep, under the cedar shades, and there they sleep unto this day. And the fairies took to the water-babies, and taught them their lessons themselves.

And some say that St. Brandan will awake, and begin to teach the babies once more: but some think that he will sleep on, for better for worse, till the coming of the Coequegrues. But whether men can see it or not, St. Brandan's Isle once actually stood there: a great land out in the ocean, which has sunk and sunk beneath the waves. Old Plato called it Atlantis, and told strange tales of the wise men who lived therein, and of the wars they fought in the old times.

But, on still clear summer evenings, when the sun sinks down into the sea, among golden cloud-capes and cloud-islands, and locks and friths of azure sky, the sailors fancy that they see, away to westward, St. Brandan's fairy isle.

And from off that island came strange flowers, which linger still about this land—the Cornish heath, and Cornish moneywort, and the delicate Venus's hair, and the London-pride which cover the Kerry mountains, and the little pink butterwort of Devon, and the great blue butterwort of Ireland, and the Connemara heath which grows in the garden, and the bristle-fern of the Turk waterfall, and many a strange plant more; all fairy tokens left for wise men and good children, from off St. Brandan's Isle.

But when Tom got there, he found that the isle stood all on pillars, and that its roots were full of caves. There were pillars of black basalt, like Staffa; and pillars of green and crimson serpentine, like Kyname; and pillars ribboned with red and white and yellow sandstone, like Livermead; and there were blue grottoes, like Capri; and white grottoes, like Adelberg; all curtained and draped with seaweeds, purple and crimson, green and brown. And all were strewn with soft white sand, on which the water-babies sleep every night. And, to keep the place clean and sweet, the crabs picked up all the scraps off the floor, and ate them like so many monkeys; and the rocks were covered with ten thousand sea-anemones, and corals and madrepores, who scavenged the water all day long, and kept it nice and pure. And, to make up to them for having to do such nasty work, they were not left black and dirty, as poor chimney-sweeps and dustmen are. No; the fairies are more considerate and just than that; and have dressed them all in the most beautiful colours and patterns, till they look like vast flower-beds of gay blossoms. But, if you think I am talking nonsense, I can only say that it is true; and that an old gentleman named Fourier used to say that we ought to do the same by chimney-sweeps and dustmen, and honour them instead of despising them; and he was a very clever old gentleman: but, unfortunately for him and the world, as mad as a March hare.

And, instead of watchmen and policemen to keep out nasty things at night,

there were thousands and thousands of water-snakes, and most wonderful creatures they were. They were all named after the Nereids, the sea fairies who took care of them, Eunice and Polynoe and Phyllodoce and Psamathe, and all the rest of the pretty darlings who swum round their Queen Amphitrite, and her car of cameo shell. They were dressed in green velvet, and black velvet, and purple velvet; and were all jointed, in rings; and some of them had three hundred brains apiece, so that they must have been uncommonly shrewd detectives; and some had eyes in their tails; and some had eyes in every joint, so that they kept a very sharp look-out; and, when they wanted a baby-snake, they just grew one at the end of their own tails, and when it was full-grown it dropped off; so that they brought up their families very cheaply. But if any nasty thing came by, out they rushed upon it; and then out of each of their hundreds of feet there sprang a whole cutler's shop of

Scythes,	Javelins,
Billhooks,	Lances,
Pickaxes,	Halberts,
Forks,	Gisarines,
Penknives,	Poleaxes,
Rapiers,	Fishhooks,
Sabres,	Bradawls,
Yataghans,	Gimblets,
Creeses,	Corkscrews,
Ghoorka swords,	Pins,
Tucks,	Needles,

And so forth,

which stabbed, shot, poked, pricked, scratched, ripped, pinked, and crimped those naughty beasts so terribly, that they had to run for their lives, or else be chopped into small pieces and eaten afterwards. And, if that is not all, every word, true, then there is no faith in microscopes, and all is over with the Linnæan Society.

And there were the water-babies in thousands, more than Tom, or you either, could count. All the little children whom the good fairies take to, because their cruel mothers and fathers will not; all who are untaught and brought

up heathens, and all who come to grief by ill-usage or ignorance, or neglect; all the little children who are overlaid, or given gin when they are young, or are let to drink out of hot kettles, or to fall into the fire; and all the little children in alleys and courts, and tumble-down cottages, who die by fever and cholera, and measles, and scarlatina, and nasty complaints which no one has any business to have, and which no one will have some day, when folks have common sense; and all the little children who have been killed by cruel masters, and wicked soldiers; they were all there, except, of course, the babes of Bethlehem, who were killed by wicked King Herod, for they were taken straight to heaven long ago, as everybody knows, and we call them the Holy Innocents.

But the poor little children were there whom King Darius, like a passionate old heathen sultan as he was, threw into the lions' den along with their fathers (though he was quite right in throwing their fathers in, for that was according to the laws of the great fairy Madam Bedonebyasyoudid, which alter no more than the laws of the Medes and Persians). And the forty and two little boys were there whom the bears ate for mocking Elijah; but, because they were heathens, and knew no better, the fairies took to them, and taught them; and they were growing to be the civillest boys in all the sea. And, when Tom heard their story, he was quite frightened, and determined never to grin at old women through the railings, or heave half bricks at people any more, lest the sea-bears should eat him, as the land-bears had eaten them.

But I wish he had given up all his naughty tricks, and left off tormenting dumb animals, now that he had plenty of playfellows to amuse him. Instead of that, I am sorry to say, he would meddle with the creatures, all but the water-snakes, for they would stand no nonsense. So he tickled the madrepores, to make them shut up; and frightened the crabs, to make them hide in the sand, and peep out at him with the tips of their eyes; and put stones into the

anemones' mouths, to make them fancy that their dinner was coming.

The other children warned him, and said, "Take care what you are at. Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid is coming." But Tom never heeded them, being quite riotous with high spirits and good luck, till, one Friday morning early, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid came indeed.

A very tremendous lady she was; and, when the children saw her, they all stood in a row, very upright indeed, and smoothed down their bathing dresses, and put their hands behind them, just as if they were going to be examined by the inspector.

And she had on a black bonnet, and a black shawl, and no crinoline at all; and a pair of large green spectacles, and a great hooked nose, hooked so much that the bridge of it stood quite up above her eyebrows; and under her arm she carried a great birch-rod. Indeed, she was so ugly, that Tom was tempted to make faces at her; but did not, recollecting the forty-two boys and the bears. Besides, he did not admire the look of the birch-rod under her arm.

And she looked at the children one by one, and seemed very much pleased with them, though she never asked them one question about how they were behaving; and then began giving them all sorts of nice sea-things—sea-cakes, sea-apples, sea-oranges, sea-bullseyes, sea-toffee; and to the very best of all she gave sea-ices, made out of sea-cows' cream, which never melt under water.

And, if you don't quite believe me, then just think—What is more cheap and plentiful than sea-rock? Then why should there not be sea-toffee as well? And every one can find sea-lemons (ready quartered too) if they will look for them at low tide; and sea-grapes too sometimes, hanging in bunches; and, if you will go to Nice in Italy, you will find the fish-market full of sea-fruit, which they call "*frutta di mare*:" though I suppose they call them "*fruits de mer*" now, out of compliment to that sweet saint who has just taken the place under his gracious protection. And, perhaps, that is the very reason why the place is

called Nice, because there are so many nice things in the sea there: at least, if it is not, it ought to be.

Now little Tom watched all these sweet things given away, till his mouth watered, and his eyes grew as round as an owl's. And he hoped that his turn would come at last; and so it did. For the lady called him up, and held out her fingers with something in them, and popped it into his mouth; and, lo and behold, it was a nasty cold hard pebble.

"You are a very cruel woman," said he, and began to whimper.

"And you are a very cruel boy; who puts pebbles into the sea-anemones' mouths, to take them in, and make them fancy that they had caught a good dinner? As you did to them, so I must do to you."

"Who told you that?" said Tom.

"You did yourself, this very minute."

Tom had never opened his lips; so he was very much taken aback indeed.

"Yes; every one tells me exactly what they have done wrong; and that without knowing it themselves. So there is no use trying to hide anything from me. So now go, and be a good boy, and I will put no more pebbles in your mouth, if you put none in other creatures'."

"I did not know there was any harm in it," said Tom.

"Then you know now. People continually say that to me; but I tell them, if you don't know that fire burns, that is no reason that it should not burn you; and if you don't know that dirt breeds fever, that is no reason why the fevers should not kill you. The lobster did not know that there was any harm in getting into the lobster pot; but it caught him all the same."

"Dear me," thought Tom, "she knows everything!" And so she did, indeed.

"And so, if you do not know that things are wrong, that is no reason why you should not be punished for them; though not as much, not as much, my little man" (and, the lady looked very kindly, after all), "as if you did know."

"Well, you are a little hard on a poor lad," said Tom.

"Not at all; I am the best friend you ever had in all your life. But I will tell you; I cannot help punishing people when they do wrong. I like it no more than they do; I am often very, very sorry for them, poor things; but I cannot help it. If I tried not to do it, I should do it all the same. For I work by machinery, just like an engine; and am full of wheels and springs inside; and am wound up very carefully, so that I cannot help going."

"Was it long ago since they wound you up?" asked Tom. For he thought, the cunning little fellow, "She will run down some day; or they may forget to wind her up, as old Grimes used to forget to wind up his watch, when he came in from the public-house: and then I shall be safe."

"I was wound up once and for all, so long ago that I forget all about it."

"Dear me," said Tom, "you must have been made a long time!"

"I never was made, my child; and I shall go for ever and ever; for I am as old as Eternity, and yet as young as Time."

And there came over the lady's face a very curious expression—very solemn, and very sad; and yet very, very sweet. And she looked up and away, as if she were gazing through the sea, and through the sky, at something far, far off; and, as she did so, there came such a quiet, tender, patient, hopeful smile over her face, that Tom thought for the moment that she did not look ugly at all. And no more she did; for she was like a great many people who have not a pretty feature in their faces, and yet are lovely to see, and draw little children's hearts to them at once; because, though the house is plain enough, yet out of the windows a beautiful and good spirit is looking.

And Tom smiled in her face, she looked so pleasant for the moment. And the strange fairy smiled too, and said:

"Yes. You thought me very ugly just now, did you not?"

Tom hung down his head, and got very red about the ears.

"And I am very ugly. I am the ugliest fairy in the world; and I shall be, till people behave themselves as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world; and her name is Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. So she begins where I end, and I begin where she ends; and those who will not listen to her must listen to me, as you will see. Now, all of you run away, except Tom; and he may stay and see what I am going to do. It will be a very good warning for him to begin with, before he goes to school."

"Now, Tom, every Friday, I come down here and call up all who have ill-used little children, and serve them as they served the children."

And at that Tom was frightened, and crept under a stone, which made the two crabs who lived there very angry, and frightened their friend the butterfly into flapping hysterics: but he would not move for them.

And first she called up all the doctors who give little children so much physic (they were most of them old ones; for the young ones have learnt better, all but a few army surgeons, who still fancy that a baby's inside is much like a Scotch grenadier's), and she set them all in a row; and very rueful they looked; for they knew what was coming.

And first she pulled all their teeth out; and then she bled them all round; and then she dosed them with calomel, and jalap, and salts and senna, and brimstone and treacle; and horrible faces they made; and then she gave them a great emetic of mustard and water, and no basons; and began all over again; and that was the way she spent the morning.

And then she called up a whole troop of foolish ladies, who pinch up their children's waists and toes; and she laced them all up in tight stays, so that they were choked and sick, and their noses grew red, and their hands and feet swelled; and then she crammed their poor feet into the most dreadfully tight boots, and made them all dance,

which they did most clumsily indeed ; and then she asked them how they liked it ; and, when they said not at all, she let them go : because they had only done it out of foolish fashion, fancying it was for their children's good, as if wasps' waists and pigs' toes could be pretty, or wholesome, or of any use to anybody.

Then she called up all the careless nurserymaids, and stuck pins into them all over, and wheeled them about in perambulators, with tight straps across their stomachs, and their heads and arms hanging over the side, till they were quite sick and stupid, and would have had sun-strokes : but, being under the water, they could only have water-strokes ; which, I assure you, are nearly as bad, as you will find if you try to sit under a mill wheel ; and, when you hear a rumbling at the bottom of the sea, sailors will tell you that it is a ground-swell : but now you know better. It is the old lady wheeling the maids about in perambulators.

And by that time she was so tired, she had to go to luncheon.

And after luncheon she set to work again, and called up all the cruel school-masters—whole regiments and brigades of them ; and, when she saw them, she frowned most terribly, and set to work in earnest, as if the best part of the day's work was to come. More than half of them were nasty, dirty, frowzy, grubby, smelly old monks, who, because they dare not hit a man of their own size, amused themselves with beating little children instead ; as you may see in the picture of old Pope Gregory, teaching children to sing their fa-fa-mi-fa with a cat-o'-nine tails under his chair ; but, because they never had any children of their own, they took into their heads (as some folks do still) that they were the only people in the world who knew how to manage children ; and they first brought into England, in the old Anglo-Saxon times, the fashion of treating free boys, and girls too, worse than you would treat a dog or a horse : but Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid has caught them all long ago ; and given them many

a taste of their own rods ; and much good may it do them.

And she boxed their ears, and thumped them over the head with rulers, and pandied their hands with canes, and told them that they told stories, and were this and that bad sort of people ; and, the more they were very indignant, and stood upon their honour, and declared they told the truth, the more she declared they were not, and that they were only telling lies ; and at last she birched them all round soundly, with her great birch rod, and set them each an imposition of three hundred thousand lines of Hebrew to learn by heart, before she came back next Friday. And at that they all cried and howled so, that their breaths came all up through the sea, like bubbles out of soda-water ; and that is one reason of the bubbles in the sea. There are others : but that is the one which principally concerns little boys. And by that time she was so tired that she was glad to stop ; and, indeed, she had done a very good day's work.

Tom did not quite dislike the old lady ; but he could not help thinking her a little spiteful—and no wonder if she was, poor old soul ; for, if she has to wait to grow handsome, till people do as they would be done by, she will have to wait a very long time.

Poor old Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid ! she has a great deal of hard work before her, and had better have been born a washerwoman, and stood over a tub all day ; but, you see, people cannot always choose their own profession.

But Tom longed to ask her one question ; and after all, whenever she looked at him, she did not look cross at all ; and now and then there was a funny smile in her face, and she chuckled to herself in a way which gave Tom courage, and at last he said :

"Pray, ma'am, may I ask you a question ?"

"Certainly, my little dear."

"Why don't you bring all the bad masters here, and serve them out too ? The butties that knock about the poor collier-boys ; and the nailers that file off

their lads' noses and hammer their fingers; and all the master sweeps, like my master, Grimes? I saw him fall into the water long ago; so I surely expected he would have been here. I'm sure he was bad enough to me."

Then the old lady looked so very stern, that Tom was quite frightened, and sorry that he had been so bold. But she was not angry with him. She only answered, "I look after them all the week round; and they are in a very different place from this, because they knew that they were doing wrong."

She spoke very quietly; but there was something in her voice which made Tom tingle from head to foot, as if he had got into a shoal of sea-nettles.

"But these people," she went on, "did not know that they were doing wrong: they were only stupid and impatient; and, therefore, I only punish them till they become patient, and learn to use their common sense like reasonable beings. But as for chimney-sweeps, and collier-boys, and nailer lads, my sister has set good people to stop all that sort of thing; and very much obliged to her I am; for if she could only stop the cruel masters from ill-using poor children, I should grow handsome, at least, a thousand years sooner. And now do you be a good boy, and do as you would be done by, which they did not; and then, when my sister, Madame Doasyouwouldbedoneby comes on Sunday, perhaps she will take notice of you, and teach you how to behave. She understands that better than I do"—and so she went.

Tom was very glad to hear that there was no chance of meeting Grimes again, though he was a little sorry for him, considering that he used sometimes to give him the leavings of the beer: but he determined to be a very good boy all Saturday; and he was; for he never frightened one crab, nor tickled any live corals, nor put stones into the sea-anemones' mouths, to make them fancy they had got a dinner; and, when Sunday morning came, sure enough, Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby came too. And all the little children began dancing

and clapping their hands, and Tom danced too with all his might.

And as for the pretty lady, I cannot tell you what the colour of her hair was, or of her eyes; no more could Tom; for, when any one looks at her, all they can think of is, that she has the sweetest, kindest, tenderest, funniest, jolliest face they ever saw, or want to see. But Tom saw that she was a very tall woman, as tall as her sister: but instead of being gnarly, and horny, and scaly, and prickly, like her, she was the most nice, soft, fat, smooth, pussy, cuddly, delicious creature who ever nursed a baby; and she understood babies thoroughly, for she had plenty of her own, whole rows and regiments of them, and has to this day. And all her delight was, whenever she had a spare moment, to play with babies, in which she showed herself a woman of sense; for babies are the best company, and the pleasantest playfellows, in the world; at least, so all the wise people in the world think. And therefore, naturally, when the children saw her, they all caught hold of her, and pulled her till she sat down on a stone, and climbed into her lap, and clung round her neck, and caught hold of her hands; and then they all put their thumbs into their mouths, and began cuddling, and purring like so many kittens, as they ought to do. And those who could get nowhere else sat down on the sand, and cuddled her feet—for no one, you know, wears shoes in the water, except horrid old bathing-women, who are afraid of the water-babies pinching their horny toes. And Tom stood staring at them; for he could not understand what it was all about.

"And who are you, you little darling?" she said.

"Oh, that is the new baby!" they all cried, pulling their thumbs out of their mouths; "and he never had any mother," and they all put their thumbs back again, for they did not wish to lose any time.

"Then I will be his mother, and he shall have the very best place; so get out all of you, this moment."

And she took up two great armfuls of babies—nine hundred under one arm, and thirteen hundred under the other—and threw them away, right and left, into the water. But they minded it no more than the naughty boys in Struwpeter minded when St. Nicholas dipped them in his inkstand; and did not even take their thumbs out of their mouths, but came paddling and wriggling back to her like so many tadpoles, till you could see nothing of her from head to foot, for the swarm of little babies.

But she took Tom in her arms, and laid him in the softest place of all, and kissed him, and patted him, and talked to him, tenderly and low, such things as he had never heard before in his life; and Tom looked up into her eyes, and loved her, and loved, till he fell fast asleep from pure love; for, not being accustomed to it, it tired him very soon.

And when he woke, she was telling the children a story. And what story did she tell them? One story she told them, which begins every Christmas Eve, and yet never ends at all for ever and ever; and, as she went on, the children took their thumbs out of their mouths, and listened quite seriously: but not sadly at all; for she never told them anything sad; and Tom listened too, and never grew tired of listening. And he listened so long that he fell fast asleep again, and, when he woke, the lady was nursing him still.

"Don't go away," said little Tom. "This is so nice. I never had anyone to cuddle me before."

"Don't go away," said all the children; "you have not sung us one song."

"Well, I have time for only one. So what shall it be?"

"The doll you lost! The doll you lost!" cried all the babies at once.

So the strange fairy sang:—

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white,
dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week,
dears;
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day:
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows,
dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

What a silly song for a fairy to sing!
And what silly water-babies to be quite delighted at it!

Well, but, you see, they have not the advantage of Aunt Agitate's Arguments in the sea-land down below.

"Now," said the fairy to Tom, "will you be a good boy for my sake, and torment no more sea-beasts, till I come back?"

"And you will cuddle me again?" said poor little Tom.

"Of course I will, you little duck. I should like to take you with me, and cuddle you all the way, only I must not;" and away she went.

So Tom really tried to be a good boy, and tormented no sea-beasts after that, as long as he lived; and he is quite alive, I assure you, still.

Oh, how good little boys ought to be, who have kind pussy mammas to cuddle them, and tell them stories; and how afraid they ought to be of growing naughty, and bringing tears into their mammas' pretty eyes!

To be continued.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT SHALL HE BE?

WHEN we said of the Signor Avvocato, that he was not only troubled at home, but abroad, we alluded to the painful pre-occupations with which the disastrous turn of the war oppressed his mind. The battle of Custoza, fatal to our arms, had forced the Piedmontese to retreat, a movement which ended shortly after in their total evacuation of Lombardy. Milan was once more in the clutches of Radetzky; an armistice had been signed between the belligerents, both of whom had accepted the mediation of England and France. Such was the deplorable end of the campaign of 1848. All this lliad of woe had been consummated within the short compass of Vincenzo's term of apprenticeship as a labourer—less than a fortnight.

Bad and fraught with danger as the crisis was, the panic of alarmists of the Signor Avvocato's hue made it still more so. There was no sort of evil they did not prognosticate. Deprived of their scarecrow of an Austrian occupation, which the armistice distinctly put out of the question, they dressed up another, the inevitable abolition of the Statuto, and the restoration of the old state of things—that is, despotism, with its natural retinue of Jesuits and *Codini*, and consequent crusade against the Liberals. Nor were there wanting those who assumed, and *mordicus* contended, of course, backed by plenty of proofs, that the Statuto and the war had been a comedy played in concert with Austria, to bring to light the Liberals, and get rid of them at one blow. I would not chronicle here such absurdities, if I had not heard them with my ears *passim*—not in hamlets, but in large towns; not from illiterate folks in fus-

tian, but from gentlemen in black coats, who knew how to read, write, and cast accounts.

Truth to say, even from quarters less prone to groundless fears than the Signor Avvocato and Co., arose indications of uneasiness touching the maintenance of the newly-born public liberties. These came from those who had watched the growing tide of discontent pervading the ranks of our soldiers, at the far from friendly reception given them by some of the elated population of Lombardy; at the taunts launched at them of coming to reap the fruit of a victory not their own (as if, with the quadrilateral in the hands of the foe, there remained nothing to be done); and at the systematic hostility of a considerable part of the press, never wearied of denouncing the king and the generals as incapable, and worse. Those, we say, who knew all this, and knew also what a ready engine for reaction an army embittered by ill success and injustice is apt to be, wore anything but cheerful countenances.

Nor were the feelings of the sovereign, as far as they might be prejudged, likely to differ much from those of his army. If man had ever had provocation, that man was Charles Albert. Of all those who figured in the campaign of 1848, not one had been more misconstrued, reviled, cursed, bespattered with contumely and insult, than Charles Albert. But a few days before the armistice, the palace he inhabited at Milan had been fired upon, and violently broken into by the mob. All the blood in his veins must have been turned to gall. And this man had only to nod his head to have all opposition silenced. It seemed almost impossible that he should not give the signal; the very certainty of success was an inducement. Diplomacy urged him, old and tried

friends implored him with tears to put the Statuto aside, at least for a while. Plausible reasons were not wanting to give weight to the advice. It was the only means of keeping his hold on the army ; it was the only means of recomposing the unsettled minds of his people ; it was for the good of the country at large, a temporary remedy, no opposition to be apprehended, no blood to be shed—a *coup d'état à l'eau de rose*.

It is to the eternal honour of Charles Albert that he did not will it—that he willed the contrary. He had sworn to the Statuto, and he would hold to it for better for worse. His first care was to issue a manifesto to re-assure the kingdom on this head. It spoke encouragement in dignified words. The sovereign exhorted his people not to sink under unmerited misfortune, but to stand by and show themselves worthy of those liberties which he had willingly intrusted to them, and which it was his own unalterable resolve to uphold and maintain. This manifesto, so firm and frank, went far to allay, if not entirely to uproot, the misgivings which had stolen into part of the Liberal camp. Even the chronic alarmists were surprised into hoping that the disasters of the army would exercise, after all, no fatal influence on the organic institutions of the country. Every day that passed carried away some particles of the remaining distrust, and brought with it a corresponding revival of confidence.

At the end of some time, even Rose's father felt in a magnanimous mood, and charged Rose to announce to Vincenzo, that his term of banishment from the family dinner was over. Vincenzo received this mark of returning favour with due deference, and resumed his accustomed place at his godfather's table in a modest and manly manner. This act of graciousness on her father's part, as it seemed to Rose—of tardy reparation, according to Barnaby's notion—did much towards restoring a good understanding between father and daughter, and master and servant. Rose entirely recovered her conversational powers and her merry laugh ; and Barnaby, on his

side, condescended no longer to ignore the existence of his master, as he had done ever since the famous day of Vincenzo's volunteering as a field labourer. The Signor Avvocato's intercourse with the lad was at first meagre and reserved, but it improved gradually, until at the end of a fortnight it was on the old footing.

Vincenzo no longer strolled about the grounds all day as of yore, but put some method in his life, a little to the annoyance of his fair playmate: regularly before and after mid-day he would sit down to his books and read or write for hours. Nor was it unusual for the Signor Avvocato to stop at his godson's desk, and take up his translation from Tacitus—a favourite author with the student—and nod approvingly at it, or suggest some improvement, which was thankfully received.

One day, towards sunset, Rose and Vincenzo were sitting in the green arbour, so often mentioned—the latter expatiating enthusiastically on the glories of the western sky, and trying, but with little success, to transfuse into his young companion a portion of that keen poetic sensibility to nature which he himself so largely possessed. Rose, who had been looking abstracted for the last ten minutes, as if lost in a reverie, said, as he ceased speaking, "Vincenzo, have you indeed made up your mind—quite determined to abandon the career for which you were destined from childhood?"

"Indeed I have," said Vincenzo.

"Are you sure that, in so doing, you are not yielding to a temptation of the evil one, whose aim is your eternal perdition?"

"How can I know? I hope not," said Vincenzo.

"You hope not, but you are not sure," resumed Rose. "Had you, therefore, not better try, and make sure of what are God's designs for you?"

"So I would, if I could see any means of doing so."

"I will show you the means," continued Rose, warmly ; "that is, not I, but Father Terenziano, my confessor—

you know him, he is a saint, and has performed miracles. Well, I asked his opinion as to your call, and he says that you are under the influence of some malignant agency, which ought to be fought against."

"I prayed so earnestly to God to enlighten my mind," pleaded the youth.

"I told the holy father so," went on Rose, "and he replied that it is not enough to pray—the great point is to pray well, and one cannot do that but under proper direction. He is willing to vouchsafe you his guidance, if you will retire for a few days to his convent, and go through the spiritual exercises that are being practised there for some novices. If, after that, you are unchanged, then we may set our hearts at rest that your want of vocation is real, and not a delusion of Satan."

"But—" faltered Vincenzo, with a shudder at the recollection of the well-known tomb-like silence of the cloister, of the darkened church, of the sepulchral voice, evoking images of death and terror.

"Do it to satisfy me," said Rose, anticipating a refusal; "just for my sake, won't you? Should your mind remain the same after the trial, I promise to help you with papa in all your further plans; I will indeed."

This promise of support had far less weight with Vincenzo than the wish to please her; that was, perhaps, at this moment, the paramount desire of his heart. There were very few things Vincenzo would not have done, or endeavoured to do, to please his young mistress. He accordingly declared his willingness to grant her request, subject, of course, to the Signor Avvocato's approval, which Rose in high glee took upon herself to obtain. The Signor Avvocato offered to what he styled his daughter's childish whim just opposition enough, just loudly enough spoken, to clear himself of all responsibility in the matter, and yet let her have her own way. And so it came to pass that, one fine morning, shortly after the *tête-à-tête* in the arbour, Vincenzo disappeared from the palace, to return five

days later much depressed, bewildered, and worn out, but, as to the main point, unchanged.

Rose, now satisfied that it was not the will of God that he should enter the Church, bore the disappointment with Christian resignation, and immediately began to busy herself to redeem the pledge she had given to Vincenzo. What would he like best to do? Barnaby had told her that he must make choice of a profession, and go to the university—was there any profession for which he felt more inclination than for another? Vincenzo answered dutifully that it was not for him, but for his godfather, to make a choice for him. Rose said yes—it was with her father that the ultimate decision must rest; yet, as there were several equally eligible professions, to none of which her father was likely to object, Vincenzo might as well frankly avow the one he felt most inclined to adopt. Vincenzo, thus pressed, said at last that, if at liberty to make his own selection, he would choose the army.

This declaration startled Rose, nor did she conceal the painful surprise it caused her, nor her unequivocal aversion to the profession of arms. She affirmed that it was not one fit for a Christian, least of all for one who had been intended for the Church. Only think what it was—making the killing of one's fellow-creatures into a science. She felt that she could never bear to look at him again if he were a soldier. Vincenzo was at no loss for arguments whereby to vindicate the honour of a soldier's vocation, but he preferred giving up the point without further discussion. His prepossession for a military life was not so strong as to make him run the risk of never being looked at again by sweet Miss Rose. And then—the thought was uncharitable, but such thoughts will steal, like thieves, into one's mind—and then Rose's sweeping condemnation of soldiers had this drop of honey in it, that it included of necessity young Del Palmetto. Del Palmetto was, so to say, Vincenzo's born rival in Miss Rose's affections, and that young

nobleman's considerable outlay of amiability of late seemed to point to an issue which, natural as it was, and quite in the regular course of things between young people of fortune and station, and near neighbours, Vincenzo could not contemplate without discomfort.

The only career for which the lad had any predilection being once excluded, there was no reason why his proposal of leaving his fate in his godfather's hands should not be agreed to ; and upon this understanding Rose prepared to open negotiations with her father. Her first attempts met with anything but encouragement. A man is not checkmated, let his disposition be ever so amiable, without his feeling a little sore towards the giver of the check. It was not his business, said the Signor Avvocato, to find employment for those who spurned his good offices. He spoke of employment, because, as to any of the liberal professions, there could be no question of such for Vincenzo—he was far too backward in his education, and without much natural talent.

"What he does not know he can learn," said Rose ; "and, as for cleverness, you said yourself that he wrote a far better letter than you had thought him capable of doing."

"A letter—a letter—what does a mere letter prove as to ability, even taking it for granted that he concocted it himself? Any one may have a moment of inspiration. And then he is ignorant of mathematics, my dear ; and, without mathematics, how can he ever get Master of Arts tacked to his name—the *sine quâ non*, those two letters M.A. for the study of law or medicine? I mention medicine for form's sake, as it ranks as a liberal profession ; but what man who might go to the bar would be such a goose as to prefer medicine?"

"Are mathematics, then, so dreadfully difficult to learn?" asked Rose.

"Very—indeed, it is not every head that is capable of the study of mathematics."

"Who can tell but that Vincenzo may have just the head for that sort of thing?"

"Even supposing it to be so, it would be too late for him to begin—the greatest aptitude is lost for want of early training. By the time I was fifteen years of age I had my Euclid at my fingers' ends."

"Can't he be a merchant then?"

"Ah! yes, to be sure, a merchant—you are a clever little woman when you like. And the capital on which he is to trade, will you provide him with that?"

"Not I, but you, papa ; everybody says you are rich."

"And if I am, is that any reason why I should fling my money at the head of the first fellow who wants it?"

"But Vincenzo, papa, is quite different ; he is your godson, and you promised his father to take care of his orphan son."

"Have I been untrue to my promise?" asked the Signor Avvocato.

"Oh no, dear papa, you have been always very good to Vincenzo, and he is the first always to say so. Next to God, I do believe, he loves and reveres you. You used to be fond of him too."

"Well, well," interrupted the father, touched, and endeavouring to dissemble his emotion under a certain brusquerie ; "what is the good of all this bothering of yours? Have I cast him off, or turned him out of the house, or said I would do nothing for him, or given any one the right to suppose I would not? Methinks he is not so ill off as it is ; he lives under my roof, dines at my table, has all he wants, I believe ; where is the necessity for such a hurry? I can't see it—surely I may be allowed a little time to look about me—something available for him may turn up ; if not, well, I shall keep my eyes open ; but give me time. I have some friends still, thank God, some little interest ; but let's hear no more about liberal professions."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BARNABY PITCHES INTO IT, AND SETTLES
THE QUESTION.

THE substance of the above conversation—reported, as was natural, by Rose to Vincenzo and Barnaby, assembled in council—made on both a lively, but quite opposite impression. It so clearly evidenced the formal renunciation by the Signor Avvocato of his original scheme for his godson, that it was welcomed by that young man as the best news he could possibly receive. Now, then, he felt finally relieved from that awful sword of Damocles, which had been hanging over him for such a length of time. What mattered it to Vincenzo whether he was to be a barrister, a clerk to some merchant, or in some office, so that he was the one or the other with his godfather's consent and approbation? Barnaby, however, took quite a different view of the matter. His master's exclusion of any of the liberal professions for Vincenzo was, in Barnaby's eye, nothing less than a denial of justice, at which he naturally chafed. Talk to him of employment, indeed! He knew what employment meant—sweeping the floor of some counting-house with neither profit nor honour, and plenty of people to lord it over you. Nothing short of the law was worthy of a young fellow who knew Latin. Vincenzo must be an avvocato; if the Signor Avvocato grudged his being so, let him till the earth—better handle a hoe than a broom. That was how Barnaby reasoned. The chief gardener *ad honorem* had been a Jack of all trades before his meeting at Mexico with his old master and benefactor, the Signor Avvocato's father, and probably he had seen enough of the drudging of clerks to give him an enduring horror of that way of gaining a living. As to his high conceit of a lawyer's calling, it took its rise forty years back, when Signor Pietro, then on the eve of sending his son to study law at the university, used to descant to Barnaby on the glories of the bar, and pronounced the

title of avvocato to be one of the highest and proudest.

The month of September was half gone, and still Vincenzo's fate was hanging in the balance. More than once had Rose, during the interval, returned to the charge, without eliciting from her father any more definite answer than when she had first mooted the subject. Did Vincenzo complain of the life he was leading? If not, then he could wait. Somehow or other he would provide for him. So far the Signor Avvocato pledged himself—was not that sufficient? must he also be dictated to as to the time and manner?

Was the good gentleman concealing any settled plan under this procrastination? Not at all. He was only yielding to a little pique, and to the natural indecision of his character. He was not sorry to keep Vincenzo and his aiders and abettors on a gentle rack, as a sort of retaliation for the defeat he had sustained at their hands; and then there was another and more humane reason for this dilly-dallying. Though in his heart of hearts greatly inclined to give Vincenzo the chance of being called to the bar, the Signor Avvocato still hesitated to send him to Turin for that purpose, lest the lad should be plucked at his first examination, and ignominiously sent back, to his own and his godfather and patron's great mortification.

Barnaby, in the meantime, who was not in the confidence of his master's secret inclination, and who, moreover, with a logic all his own, saw in the system of dilatoriness pursued in regard to Vincenzo a perverse determination to refuse him what was his due, and consign him to the dust of some office or other—Barnaby, we say, had reached that pitch of exasperation which no longer finds a safety-valve in negative tokens of indignation, but must needs assert itself in action. One day, accordingly, as his master was passing him in the garden, Barnaby put on his ugliest face and said, "If you please, sir, I shall soon want that little money of mine, which is in your keeping." (Ever since the death of Signor Pietro,

the Signor Avvocato had been the depository of the old man's savings.)

The tone of the demand, trenchant, almost threatening, accounted for the cold laconic answer it met. "Very well ; do you want the whole of it ?"

"Yes, every farthing of it, at your earliest convenience."

"It is all in my desk ; you can have it whenever you like."

"Thank you, sir."

"It is a pretty round sum," observed the master ; "may I know to what use you destine it ?"

"Welcome to the knowledge," replied Barnaby, with the savage joy of an Iroquois scalping an enemy. "I destine it to make a man of a good lad, shamelessly abandoned by those whose duty it was to uphold him."

"Abandoned ! duty !" exclaimed the gentleman in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, abandoned ; what do you call burying a Christian for life in an office, but abandoning him ?"

"Who means to bury anybody ? You seem to have lost your senses, Barnaby."

"Would to God I had," retorted the infatuated old man. "I should then, at least, be spared the shame of seeing you disgrace yourself."

"You ought rather to be ashamed of imputing to others the bad dreams of your fancy," exclaimed the master, nettled.

"What do you mean to do for the lad ? answer me that," cried Barnaby, his arms akimbo.

"What I consider best for him," was the cool rejoinder.

"Will you send him to Turin to study law ; yes or no ?"

"I tell you again, I shall do that which I think best for him," repeated the master.

"Ah, then, you won't do it ; you confess you won't !" shouted the exasperated servant. "Well and good ; he shall be an avvocato for all that."

"I wish you and him joy of it," said the Signor Avvocato, turning away ; "the sooner you come for your money the better."

"And I give you warning I am going

also," called Barnaby after his master ; "I give you warning I am going also."

"With all my heart," answered Rose's father. For once our easy-going gentleman's blood was up. Not that he attached more importance than it deserved to the outpouring of Barnaby's irate dotage ; it was Vincenzo's black ingratitude which stung him to the quick. After all that he had done ! after all that he intended to do ! such was the return he was to meet. He had not expected it from that quarter ; well—let it be so—the lesson, though rather late in the day, would serve him for the rest of his life. Never too late to mend. For the first time in his life, this kind-souled man felt intensely misanthropic—all this on the assumption, and, it must be allowed, a very natural one, that Vincenzo was art and part in Barnaby's project. For, how suppose that a man in his right senses would push things so far, without first making sure of the acquiescence of the person most interested ?

Barnaby's bravado to his master had occurred between seven and eight in the morning. The Signor Avvocato returned home for his coffee, swallowed it hastily, withdrew to his study, and immediately began examining his account-book, to ascertain how many years' wages he owed to Barnaby. He then added the amount to Barnaby's savings, put the whole sum, most of it in bank-notes, into a canvass bag, and drew up a minute and explanatory statement of capital and interest, debit and credit—as minute and explanatory, as if, instead of his and his father's confidential servant and friend, it concerned the most punctilious and hairsplitting of his tenants. This was all done furiously and before the least dawn of a reaction of feeling, as was unmistakably indicated by the sharp "Come in !" which he gave in answer to a rap at his door.

It was Vincenzo, who craved admittance, and who appeared looking much disturbed.

"Are you come to fetch the money ?"

asked the Signor Avvocato, in the bitterest tone he could command.

"Oh, sir, how could you ever believe this of me?" said Vincenzo, at first almost with reproach in his voice, which ended in a pleading. "Oh, for God's sake, sir, don't think me worse than I am; never, till now, had I the most distant surmise of Barnaby's extravagant scheme in my behalf; I swear to God I had not. I no sooner heard of it, only a minute ago, than I hurried to you, sir, to disclaim all knowledge of it—all idea of taking advantage of it—to protest to you my entire acquiescence and contentment in whatever you may decide for me. Ask Miss Rose, if I have not always said so; the most promising offer would have no temptation for me, if it did not come from you. I will not be indebted to any one but you; from you I will accept of anything with thankfulness. Do believe it, sir, for it is the truth; it is indeed."

The Signor Avvocato felt it to be so, felt relieved and happy in that belief, and all the sluices of his heart opened and flowed over at once. He drew Vincenzo to his bosom, and said with much emotion, "I do believe you; you are a good brave boy, and I bless you for it; it was wrong of me to doubt you even for a moment—yes, it was, and I will make amends for my fault. Perhaps I have not dealt with you according to your deserts. . . ."

"Oh, sir!" interrupted Vincenzo, with half a sob.

"But my confidence," went on the Signor Avvocato, "is yours from this moment. You have no idea, my boy, of all the good you have done me—I was waxing distrustful, suspicious—I felt as if I could dislike my fellow-creatures. Of all the misfortunes of this world, dislike of one's fellow-creatures is the greatest—you have cured me of that, thank you; you have been a consolation to me in this instance, and so you will be to the last, I am sure. I don't tell you to dry your tears" (Vincenzo's were flowing fast the while) "because I know that their source is sweet."

After a pause, the Signor Avvocato continued, "And now that we are good friends again, better friends than we have ever been, let us talk of the future. What do you really wish to do, Vincenzo?"

"Anything that may please you, sir."

"Then, suppose we realize Barnaby's plan, and make you an Avvocato? Law leads to everything, you see. What do you say?"

"If it is your pleasure, sir, it will be mine."

"Very well; but, to be accepted as a student of law, you will have to go through an examination, of which geometry forms part. Are you disposed to work hard so as to conquer geometry?"

"If hard work will do it," said Vincenzo, resolutely, "I don't think I shall fail."

"If so, there is no time to lose. The university re-opens in two months; if you set to it in right earnest, two months, with the assistance of a good teacher, will be enough for such geometry as is required for your first examination. Time is precious, as you perceive; go to Ibella after dinner, buy yourself a hat, and order a suit of black. Whatever other additions your wardrobe may require can be easily procured at Turin. Persuade the tailor to fix as early a day as possible for letting you have your clothes, and on that same day I will go with you to Ibella, and secure you a place in the diligence for Turin. There's a family from Rumelli there, poor but kind and honest people, who used to take lodgers and boarders. I will give you a letter to them; if they have no room themselves for you, they will find one somewhere else. But no word of all this to any one. If Rose and Barnaby question you as to what has passed between us, say you are under orders from me to be silent."

"I must take leave of Don Natale," observed Vincenzo.

"With him you are safe," was the answer; "only caution him as to my wish. There, now you can go."

"Thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart," said Vincenzo, covering his

godfather's hand with kisses ; " it shall be the study of my life to behave so as never to give you cause to rue your fatherly kindness to me."

" I am sure of it," said the Signor Avvocato.

" Will you allow me, sir, to ask a last favour ?"

" Let me hear it."

" Barnaby was mistaken, but he meant kindly by me ; do, pray, sir, forgive him."

" Set your heart at rest on that score, my boy. Barnaby for many a year has been like a constitutional king with me—irresponsible for his sayings and doings. His only punishment shall be the not knowing, for a little time, that his plan for you is being carried out by me."

Four days later, immediately after dinner, the smartest of the Signor Avvocato's gigs came to the door. Rose and Barnaby, indeed the whole household, assembled by special command, were standing by it. " Now then," said the Signor Avvocato, drawing forth his watch as Vincenzo, unusually pale, joined the group, " five minutes granted for leave-taking—Vincenzo is starting for Turin—no questions allowed ;" in spite of which warning, the announcement, received at first by a general oh ! of surprise, was instantly followed by a cross fire of questions, remonstrances, wailings, and what not.

" One minute gone ; look sharp !" cried the Signor Avvocato, jumping into the gig, watch in one hand, whip in the other. Action and look bespoke determination to adhere to his programme ; so everybody made the best of the remaining time, and hand-shakings and kisses followed in quick succession. " If you want anything, mind and write to me," whispered Rose to Vincenzo, who received a similar recommendation from Barnaby.

" Now then," cried the Signor Avvocato, clacking his whip. Vincenzo got free at last, and jumped in. Adieu—good-bye—a good journey—and the wheels were already grinding on the smooth, well-kept drive. Down rushed

mistress, maids, and men, to the Belvedere, there to shout once more adieu—good-bye—a good journey—as the gig passed below it. Vincenzo waved his hat—poor soul, his voice had got drowned in his tears. The Signor Avvocato, in extraordinary elation at having for once taken his own way without consulting anybody, used his whip lustily.

CHAPTER XIX.

TURINESE SILHOUETTES.

THERE was no railroad from Ibella to Turin in the year 1848—the only line that existed at that time in the sub-alpine kingdom was one which, with sundry gaps here and there, connected Turin and Genoa. So for many an hour had Vincenzo to jog along in a stifflingly close and far from capacious cage, before he arrived at his destination. He reached it at last, and went straight to the address given him by his godfather. Fortunately, the family from Rumelli, who took in boarders and lodgers, had an unoccupied room, or rather a light closet, with just space enough in it for a bed, a small table, and two chairs—and with just light and air enough to allow of seeing and breathing—but it was very cheap, and that decided Vincenzo to take it. He had determined with himself to cost his godfather as little as possible. He made his arrangements at once ; he was to have his lodging and board for a trifle more than two sovereigns a month.

Turin was not in 1848 what it is in 1862 ; but even then it was inferior in nothing to any second-rate capital in Europe—neither in grandeur, comfort, activity, nor population. What with refugees from Lombardy and other Italian provinces, and what with foreigners, Turin counted that autumn from thirty to forty thousand inhabitants more than at the beginning of the year. Vincenzo, who had no other point of comparison to go by than Ibella or Novara, felt positively crushed by the magnitude and splendour of the city, and the

immensity of its population. His first impression was naturally one of bewilderment and discouragement, and more than once did a rush of impetuous and fond regret seize his heart at the thought of that quiet haven he had left, and which absence still more embellished. But he bravely shook off this mood, nor lacked arguments wherewith to spur himself on to manly exertion. He had his godfather's good opinion to justify—his kindness and affection to deserve—Miss Rose's good graces to improve—fortune's high favour to show himself equal to. Such were the cordials which helped him to overcome his momentary faintheartedness.

Vincenzo's most urgent need, as we know, was to find a teacher of mathematics. Without an acquaintance in Turin, he had no alternative but to consult his landlord, Signor Francesco, and this he did on the very afternoon of his arrival. Signor Francesco knew that there were plenty of teachers of mathematics, and every other branch of science; only at that instant he could not bring to mind the name of any one of them. His memory had sorely failed him since his misfortune, but he could and would inquire. Ah! by-the-bye, he would ask Signor Onofrio. Signor Onofrio was sure to know; he knew everything. "Pray, who is Signor Onofrio?" asked Vincenzo. Signor Onofrio was a refugee of 1821, who had just returned from exile—a member of parliament, a statesman, philosopher, a literary and scientific man of the very first calibre—worth his weight in gold, or rather in diamonds. If he had not a seat in the Cabinet, it was not from want of proposals. He might be prime minister any day or hour. Signor Onofrio was one of Signor Francesco's lodgers and boarders, and Vincenzo would meet him at dinner that very day at six.

Such was the character given of Signor Onofrio by Signor Francesco, in his way also a remarkable individual, remarkable for his tendencies to superlativeness and querulousness. The first he applied to everybody and everything, the second exclusively to "his mis-

fortune." He took it for granted that his "misfortune" was as notorious as the Siege of Troy, or the earthquake of Lisbon, and allusions to it studded his speeches even when addressed to utter strangers. The fact is that, previous to living himself and his family in incredible holes to make room for lodgers, Signor Francesco had begun life as a bookseller in a very small way, and want of capital and industry had soon sent his little concern to the dogs. This consummation had been shortly preceded—not in the least influenced, mark—by a summons to the police, and the administration of a severe reprimand for the clandestine sale of a certain pamphlet against the Jesuits. This happened in the good olden time when Jesuits and police were hand and glove. Signor Francesco, denying the charge, was shown a copy of the obnoxious book, and told the exact day and hour at which it had come out of his shop. Upon no stronger foundation than the circumstances just related, and the supposition, false or true, that the buyer and informer against him was a Jesuit in disguise, did Signor Francesco lay at the door of the Jesuits the ruin of his business, and give himself out as a victim of the company of Jesus—an assumption which, by dint of repeating, he ended by believing himself. Accordingly, he had never ceased, since the promulgation of the Statuto, to petition king, parliament, and every individual minister and deputy, for redress and damages. His panegyric of Signor Onofrio, and the assiduous court he paid him, were in reality with the aim of ingratiating himself with the minister *in posse*, and securing an indemnity through his patronage.

The Jesuits at that time were the scapegoats for all sins, the Alpha and Omega of all evil, the cloak under which to conceal all meannesses and asking of alms. No official dismissed for dishonesty or incapacity but was their victim; no humbug asking for Government employment but had suffered persecution from them on account of his Liberalism; no petitions—and God knows

that there were bushels of them, for petitioning was the social evil of this epoch—no petitions, but Jesuits some way or other figured in them. Never had the proverb that “only the rich find lenders” received a more extreme application.

When asked by Signor Francesco whether he could recommend a good teacher of mathematics, Signor Onofrio, without turning his face from his plate, inquired for whom ; and, on being told that it was for his new fellow-lodger, he looked up at Vincenzo with that particular corrugation of the brows and shutting of the eyelids which denotes at once shortsightedness and a habit of concentrating attention on any given point. “Is it for cramming ?” he asked.

“I beg your pardon,” stammered Vincenzo, not understanding the question.

“I mean,” explained Signor Onofrio, “do you wish to study mathematics in earnest, or only just enough to allow of your passing some examination ?”

“To pass an examination is certainly my motive for learning mathematics,” said Vincenzo, “but that does not exclude my having the wish thoroughly to master them, supposing I have head enough to do so. I should not like to learn as a mere parrot.”

“Rationally thought and spoken,” said Signor Onofrio, evidently pleased ; “I think I know of a man who will suit you. We’ll go to him to-morrow morning at seven. Come and remind me, will you ?”

On the morrow, at seven, Vincenzo, after a little hesitation, rapped at Signor Onofrio’s door—their rooms were contiguous. The door was immediately opened by Signor Onofrio himself, in a very much worn-out dressing-gown. The glimpse Vincenzo had of the room did not speak much in favour of the tenant’s habits of order—everything, books, papers, clothes, lay pell mell, as if they had fallen at random from the ceiling. Signor Onofrio was neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin, neither handsome nor plain—a very commonplace sort of man for the superficial observer, though

his friends gave him credit for a commanding figure and a very fine head. Probably his was one of those mobile faces which, like some pictures, must be looked at near, and in a particular light, to produce their effect and be duly appreciated. Certain it is, that his profile was full of character and distinction, and bore a striking similarity to that of Tattius, King of the Sabines, which must be familiar to all students of figure-drawing. His dark chestnut hair had preserved all its original hue and thickness, and fell in three distinct graceful wavelets, separated by high receding interstices, upon his large forehead and temples.

Such personal advantages, however, as he possessed, he seemed to ignore ; certainly he neglected them to a fault ; witness his dishevelled hair, his week’s unshorn beard, his whole attire made and worn at random, and rather shabby than not. Let us add in extenuation that Signor Onofrio was poor. In the course of a whole life spent in gathering treasures of knowledge and experience throughout the world, he had never once tried to improve his material condition, or lay by anything for old age ; on the contrary, he had spurned all occasions of doing so which had presented themselves, content with earning his daily bread by teaching languages and mathematics. Still, poor teacher as he was in Paris, London, or New York, he had won high esteem and respect for himself and his country, and counted staunch and numerous friends everywhere.

“Sit down, my young friend,” said Signor Onofrio, making an armful of the medley of articles that incumbered a chair, and throwing them in a bundle on the bed, “sit down and let us have some talk. I mentioned last evening that I had a teacher in view for you—I meant myself—I have taught mathematics for seven-and-twenty years, and I think I know them well. Besides, if I teach you at all, I shall do it *con amore*, it being in my nature to do nothing by halves. In saying this I mean to imply that with me for a master, if you have any talent, you will

improve steadily and rapidly. Wait a moment. But—there is a but you see—but only on three conditions will I undertake your tuition: the first, that your lessons shall take place between six and eight in the morning, for I have other engagements which leave me no other available time; the second, that you apply yourself in earnest to master mathematics thoroughly; the third, that you will devote, exclusive of the lessons, six hours daily to this one pursuit. Now, do you agree to my conditions?"

"With all my heart, and with grateful thanks!" cried Vincenzo, enraptured.

"Very well; then we will begin to-morrow. I have got plenty of books, compasses, slates for the purpose, so you needn't buy anything. And now, that we may feel quite at ease with one another, tell me something of yourself. Where do you come from? How old are you? What sort of education have you received? Are your parents alive? What relations or friends have you? Have you ever turned your thoughts to politics? Now, mind, if you have an objection to answer any one of my questions, let it alone as though unasked."

Vincenzo replied to all without reticence, and with the candour and warmth belonging to his age and nature.

"Very good," said Signor Onofrio; "I see we shall soon be friends—indeed, we are so already; but keep in mind our agreement, and good day for the present."

"But—" said Vincenzo, who had his *but* also, one very hard to put into words; "but you have not mentioned—the return—I mean, compensation—"

"Ah! you are right," replied Signor Onofrio; "for your sake and mine it is best you should pay me. I'll write to your godfather, and settle the matter with him. Adieu."

Vincenzo, on his side, wrote immediately to the Signor Avvocato, to acquaint him with his safe arrival and whereabouts in Turin, and with his subsequent good fortune in meeting with Signor Onofrio, contenting himself for the nonce with sending, instead of

a letter to Miss Rose, as his heart prompted, only his kind remembrances to her and Barnaby, and, indeed, every one in the palace. Until relieved from the prohibition to reveal the object of his stay in Turin—a prohibition which would cease, as he guessed, in a couple of months, that is, after the passing of his examination—Vincenzo thought it safer not to write to Miss Rose, in order to avoid even a shadow of risk of betraying, by implication, the secret trusted to him. After all, it was superfluous care, Rose and Barnaby having perfectly guessed, the moment Turin was spoken of as Vincenzo's destination, the object for which he was sent thither.

The lessons in mathematics began on the morrow, and continued daily without intermission, save on Sundays, to the mutual satisfaction of master and pupil. Signor Onofrio's room, in which they were given, looked into a spacious court, and from the very first day Vincenzo noticed bursts of sound coming from the windows opposite, as if from some one declaiming while in motion. One morning he caught sight of the mysterious orator, who, absorbed in some train of thought, had come to a stand-still at one of the windows, continuing, however, his harangue aloud. The bust was all that was visible, and that was square-built—the head round and massive—the eyes shaded by gold spectacles. Vincenzo drew Signor Onofrio's attention to this gentleman, observing, "I suppose an actor studying his part."

"An actor in truth, but not in the limited sense you mean," answered Signor Onofrio—"an actor in the grand drama of the world, and who may, for what we know, play one of the principal parts in it. At least, he is full of ambition to do so, and has the iron will that will accomplish what he desires. Ambition and will are the two great levers by which men achieve success. That is Count de Cavour, a newly-elected deputy. I hear him morning and evening addressing an imaginary audience, to qualify himself to address

and master a real one ; possibly he has, like Demosthenes, some defect of utterance to conquer. He used to practise thus even before he was in the House. It says much for him. He is evidently a man thoroughly in earnest, and who knows his own mind—a good example to follow."

Signor Francesco's boarding-house happened to adjoin the Palace of Count Cavour, situated, as every one now knows, in the street of the *Archevscovado*, part of which, at this time of writing, is deservedly named after the great departed statesman. The trifling incident, just related, was not without some influence on Vincenzo's future—and that is the reason why it is here put down—inasmuch as it acted upon him as an encouragement not to allow himself to be rebuffed by difficulties, but to work steadily on, and imitate, in his minor career, the living example before him.

Master and pupil took to each other every day more and more, and before the lapse of a month they used often to go out together for a lounge in the solitary avenues on the banks of the Po ; when Signor Onofrio, for ever lighting a cigar, which was for ever being extinguished, would repeat his demonstration of the morning, or sift to the bottom some point of the politics of the day ; oftener, perhaps, descant on the grandeur of the Alps frowning down upon them from the north, or on the beauty of that delicious crown of hills, smiling on them from the contrary direction. Signor Onofrio was sober of words in company, and seldom spoke in Parliament ; he would say that there, where every body was bit by the tarantula of long speeches, silence was the best way of serving one's country ; but with only a few friends, or, better still, in a congenial *tête-à-tête*, he could be even talkative and humorous. Some of his political opinions and dicta Vincenzo remembers to this day with grateful acknowledgment of the great benefit he derived from them in after life.

Onofrio took anything but a sanguine view of the Italian movement in 1848 ;

he likened it to a child inevitably doomed to stumble and fall in its first attempts to walk, but still learning something from every fall and failure ; and those who wondered and waited at the loss of the first campaign, to a mother silly enough to expect her baby to walk without learning to do so at its own cost. The objectors to C. Albert, on account of some of his precedents, he compared to pioneers, who, having a strong gate to burst open, quarrelled with the axe, which could alone do the deed, because of some spots of rust on it, and threw it away, to use their nails instead. The only clear and incalculable gain which had accrued to Italy out of the hurly-burly of 1848 was, in Signor Onofrio's eyes, the accession of the Italian Idea to the throne, by which he meant that the House of Savoy henceforwards stood openly and irrevocably pledged to the triumph of the Italian Idea.

The Liberal party in Piedmont—indeed, throughout Italy—was just then divided into two great sections—those who were for renewing the war, and washing away the stigma of the late defeat as soon as possible, and those who deprecated all aggressive measures for the present, leaving to time and circumstance to fix the moment for a new struggle. Signor Onofrio sided with these last, and openly advocated their policy in Parliament ; which, by the way, made him very unpopular out of doors. But he little cared ; and to his opponents, who taunted his politics with being wanting in generosity, he answered, "Be just before you are generous ; war is not an affair of sentiment, but of calculation of probabilities ; and probabilities, under the circumstances, are eighty per cent. against us"—an opinion which after events but too sadly confirmed. However, we must not anticipate.

To fit himself for the examination, which was to open to him the way to the temple of Themis, Vincenzo had other studies to follow, besides that of mathematics, of all of which, however, he had already a smattering ; and in

the pursuit of these he found a precious auxiliary in his elderly friend, who grudged him neither advice, direction, nor encouragement. Thus helped on by friendly hands, and his own steady will, our youth made great strides towards the attainment of his first honours.

In the accommodation, and especially the diet, at Signor Francesco's establishment, there was room for improvement. The deficiencies, such as they were, Vincenzo and Signor Onofrio did not, however, remark ; and might have ignored for ever, but for the tolerably plain hints of a third boarder, a notary's clerk, only seen at meal-times, and who, not unreasonably, considered that salad and salad, and always salad, should not be the staple of every repast. Perhaps Signor Francesco thought light food better for the stomachs of perseveringly studious persons than substantial meat, which, in fact, was scarce at his table, and generally tough. But, in God's name, what dainties can one expect for forty shillings a month ? Washing, it is true, was not included in that sum ; but it was seldom that Vincenzo was put to any expense on that score, thanks to the motherly care of Signora Francesco, who managed so that he never knew what it was to want clean linen—and all for love. She had neither means nor time otherwise to show her good will to the lad, who came from so near her native place. Signora Francesco was the maid-of-all-work in the house—she made the beds, swept the rooms, cooked, washed, marketed, and waited at dinner—all this in incredibly dirty gowns and caps, and with three little ragamuffins for ever hanging on her skirts, whom she unceasingly implored to return to some mysterious hole in which they were hid at night.

Sunday was her only grand gala day of the week. Attired in a black silk gown and red velvet bonnet, with her eldest boy properly washed and decently clothed, forth sallied to mass Signora Francesco on the stroke of twelve, Signor Francesco remaining at home to watch over the safety of the other two

little scions of the house. By two o'clock she returned home, and sat in state in her drawing-room, until her invariable Sunday guest for the last six years, Signor Tommaso, made his appearance. Signor Tommaso was perhaps the dimmest of all the nebulae which had left the sky of Rumelli for that of Turin. He was head clerk to an official vendor of lottery tickets, and sat as his employer's *alter ego*, in a dingy shop, icy cold in winter, stifling hot in summer, perfectly idle during five of the working days of the week, and slaving like a negro on the sixth, to meet the demands of a throng of applicants, who naturally waited to the last moment to make their choice of numbers. His salary was, of course, in proportion to his amount of work in the five first days of the week, that is, of the scantiest, and his appearance corresponded to his salary. A leaner, shabbier little fellow of fifty or thereabouts, it would be difficult to conceive.

Then, a little after two o'clock of a Sunday, Signor Tommaso called at the establishment, in the street of the Arcivescovado, invariably bringing with him a penny bunch of violets, or of orange flowers, for the Signora, as well as the tidings of the last great lottery prize, and of the favourite numbers for the next drawing. On hearing them, Signora Francesco would observe with a deep sigh : " Oh ! if you could bring me word of the three numbers sure of coming up."

" Ah ! if I were a priest, I could," sighed Signor Tommaso, in answer, alluding to the common belief among the vulgar, and in which he shared, that at the moment of the elevation of the host the priest sees the numbers that will come up ; " but I shouldn't, though, for to tell is a mortal sin."

Signora Francesco, after a little, expressed a hope that Signor Tommaso would do her and her husband the honour of taking pot-luck with them, a hope immediately nipped in the bud by Signor Tommaso's plea of impossibility. Upon this Signor Tommaso took his leave, but looked in vain for

his hat, which had disappeared. At this juncture Signor Francesco intervened, and said it was all nonsense; the lost hat should not be found till after dinner, &c. New protests from Signor Tommaso, who now, joining action to words, would squat on the floor to look under tables and chairs, and poke his nose into all sorts of cupboards, till, panting and hot, and still protesting, he sank on a seat, and surrendered at discretion. The dinner hour was four o'clock on Sundays, instead of six.

At the end of his first month at Turin, Vincenzo had a great surprise and a great joy. He received by the diligence *franco* a deal box, bearing his address in Miss Rose's well-remembered writing, and containing half a dozen fine shirts and as many handkerchiefs,

neatly arranged, and strewn with lavender and bits of a sweet-smelling red stuff, which answered the same purpose as sachets of patchouli. He took up with reverence one article after the other, laid them out side by side on his bed for his own admiration, kissing as he did so the initials her dear fingers had formed. And not contented with that, he called Signor Onofrio and Signor and Signora Francesco to come and admire also, which they did unreservedly. Beautiful as, no doubt, the shirts and handkerchiefs were in themselves, they had a superlative merit in his eye; they were the work of that sweet Miss Rose, who was for Vincenzo the type of all that is beautiful, good, and worthy in womankind.

To be continued.

THE END OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

It is all over. Last Saturday's foggy daylight shone for the last time on that wonderful crowd surging up and down the nave between dome and dome, on the still thicker mass moving—or moved, for volition was doubtful—inch by inch along the picture-galleries, on the quieter and more scattered groups that, in the various side courts, delighted themselves once more over treasures and curiosities which they will likely never see again. True, for a "day after the fair," or even fourteen days, our six-months' friend, become such a familiar friend now, may drag on a sort of galvanized semi-existence; but his real life is ended; the Great International Exhibition of 1862 is no more.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. There will be plenty of people to abuse it, this vanished show: let us speak only kindly of it: for, be it bad or good, successful or unsuccessful, it is probably the last of its race. Even should there be, in London, and during this generation, another Great Exhibition, that time is so far in the future that we ourselves shall have

grown quite elderly people. The more reason, therefore, for us to remember this one tenderly, to count up all the good it was meant to do and did, all the innocent pleasure that we gained from it. Let us forget the aching heads, wearied limbs, pushing crowds, bad dinners, fights for omnibuses, and insane struggles after cabs, and only recall that bright pleasant place—where, if there was a ray of sunlight to be found anywhere in London, it was sure to be caught by the great glass dome, and reflected upon the odious—well, we'll not call it odious now—Majolica fountain, and borne thence down the misty vista of the nave. Ay, it was a pleasant place, diffusing a general sense of beauty, both of colour, form, and sound, which, we scarcely knew how, put us into a cheerful frame of mind. Probably, out of the multitudes that have visited it, there has not been one who did not carry away from it a certain amount of actual enjoyment, to be, as all pure happiness is, an eternal possession.

The humours of the Exhibition, its various phases, social, intellectual, and moral, from May to November, would make a curious book, even supposing all instructive views of it were carefully omitted. Regarded as a place of study and general information, its wonders never ended, its interest never flagged. Has not the *Times* found matter for one article, often two, *every day* for six months? And is not this present writer acquainted with an energetic juror who has visited it daily ever since it opened, yet on last Saturday was seen as brisk and beaming as ever, though with a certain tender melancholy overspreading his countenance, investigating something he had never seen before? Nay, putting aside those who went on business, or for scientific study, how continually one heard of people who, for mere entertainment, had been twenty or thirty times, or of whole families who located themselves for a month or two in Brompton, and spent every day, and the whole day long, in the Great Exhibition—dining, meeting their friends, and transacting their business; in fact, doing everything but sleep there.

The mere chronicle of the crowd—as it changed from month to month, from the stately season-ticketers and five-shilling folk of June to the middle-class country visitors of July, and then again to the excursionists, charity-sent schools and workhouses, mechanics with their families, down to the ultra-agricultural element, which appeared in smock-frocks and clouted shoes just before or immediately after harvest—this of itself would be a curious record. What “odd fish” one used to see sometimes!—people who might have been unearthed from the most distant places and times, of whom you wondered what on earth had induced them to come here, how they got here, and, still more, how they would ever get home again? The sight of such as these, mingling in the ordinary crowd, was either intensely ludicrous or extremely pathetic. I remember one lady, whom I met at intervals during one five-shilling day, who might have been Dickens’s study for *Miss Havisham*. Her costume,

rich and good, must have been made every item at least twenty years ago. There she was, amidst all the modern crinolines, flowing *bourneous*, and sweeping demi-trains, in her short-skirted gown, hanging in straight folds to the ankles, her little silk tippet, her large muslin collar, with a point on either shoulder, and her poke bonnet, exactly the attire of our mothers and aunts when we were little children. The sight of it brought back, with an instantaneous flash of memory, all we were then, and all we felt, till it was impossible to laugh: one felt much more inclined to cry.

Besides strange apparitions like this, what queer people one used to see perambulating about—chiefly in groups, with a vague perpetual terror of being separated—I saw one day three big grown-up youths who went everywhere in a sort of string, never letting go each other’s hands—or in little family knots, father, mother, and children, who kept as close as possible to one another, and in whose round healthy faces, full of mingled alarm and ecstasy, was “country cousin” written as plain as light. How amusing it was to listen to their naïve comments on the wonders about them, especially the pictures; and how strongly their broad provincial tongues and rough, rugged provincial manners contrasted with the genteelly-dressed and quick-spoken Londoners, who never seemed as if they could condescend to be surprised at anything. Yet, sometimes one of these sharp Londoners—shopman or clerk—would be found benignly escorting two oddly-clad maiden aunts, or a tribe of blowsy cousins; to whom he was very patronising and kind, though just a thought ashamed of his connexions; busy imparting much and perhaps learning a little too. For how pleasant and honest-looking were many of these country-folk—how intense was their enjoyment—how open their demonstration thereof! How they would fraternise with anybody or everybody: coming and throwing themselves upon one for information or sympathy, in the most innocent and confiding way! And, viewed as a whole, what a grand im-

pression they gave—ay, with all their oddities, foibles, and simplicities—of the foundation-class of our empire—the strong, reliable, persevering, true Britons, that “never, never will be slaves.”

As the year went on, what a year it was! London, in 1862, was a sight never to be forgotten; the streets, from being full, grew almost impassable, and transit by cab or omnibus became a thing to be contemplated with awe and doubt. Still, the state of things had its bright side. Be your own inconvenience ever so great, or your temper ever so bad, you could not help being struck with the extreme patience and good-humour of the often wearied-looking crowd who thronged every omnibus terminus and railway station, making wild and vain rushes for seats; and especially you pitied the continuous stream that might be seen flowing daily between Brompton and Hyde Park Corner, vivaciously pouring along of mornings, and of evenings dragging itself wearily back; husbands helping wives, and wives carrying babies—for babies, as in '51, formed one of the grand features of the Exhibition. Then, about August, came the great influx of foreigners, who also went about in groups, or rather in lines stretching across the street pavements, smoking, jabbering, and gesticulating, perplexing omnibus conductors and squabbling with cabmen; but, on the whole, very civilly treated by the general British public, and behaving themselves civilly in return. Since—full as London was, so that how the extra population ever found food to eat and beds to sleep on, seemed a perpetual mystery—the crowd was a holiday crowd, disposed to be on the best of terms with both self and neighbour, the word “neighbour” being understood to bear, for this year only, the widest interpretation.

So much for the external aspect of London. Of its internal and social life, as affected by the International Exhibition, no doubt all householders could unfold volumes. Everybody, in every class, seemed to keep open the doors of house and heart, to the last extremity of expansion. Rich and poor, idle and busy, all devoted themselves to

the duties and delights of hospitality. Perhaps, in summing up the good done by our friend who has departed, this one small item ought not to be omitted—that the number of old ties riveted afresh, broken ties reunited, and new ties formed by the holiday-making of the year 1862, will probably influence society for half a generation.

Summer ended, London went “out of town,” though by the aspect of the streets you would never have thought it. And still at the Great Exhibition was found the same eager contented crowd, though it varied a good deal in its character, especially on shilling-days. Then, by far the greatest proportion of visitors was sure to be of the working-class—hard-handed, rough-headed, fustian-coated; or else clad sublimely in well-kept broadcloth, lighted up by a scarlet waistcoat, or a necktie of every colour of the rainbow. Wives, daughters, and sweethearts emulated the same splendour, and the number of times one's teeth were set on edge by combinations of pink and crimson, blue and green, lilac and yellow, would defy calculation. Still, how happy they were! though they enjoyed themselves in a different way from the early frequenters of the place. They deserted the long fashionable promenade of the nave, and, except when the organs were playing, or there was a performance on Cadby's grand piano, or Distin's band, they scarcely lingered even under the pleasant domes. But they pressed eagerly to the picture-galleries, and they haunted in banded multitudes the machinery annexe.

It was grand to watch them there—looking so thoroughly at home among the locomotives, mules, power-looms, steam hammers, and sugar-mills—shaking hands with the smart Manchester girls or other operatives who attended to the various machinery: nay, sometimes even trying hard to enter into conversation with the queer foreign *ouvriers*, in blouse and moustache, who formed such a contrast to themselves. And their spirit of inquiry knew no limit—witness the tightly-packed circle, wedged as close as human beings could squeeze, that always surrounded the

carpet-weaving, ice-making, printing, and other machines. They had a keen sense of fun, too—as you saw if you watched the faces round that eccentric machine which could be made at will to puff out wind enough to blow a man's hair confusedly about, or waft his newspaper, or his pocket-handkerchief right up to the ceiling. Nor could one mingle among this throng without being struck by the large average of intelligence that exists, and necessarily must exist, among their class. What cool, clear, clever heads they must have—those men whom we are wont to term mere "hands." Most deft hands they are; but there must be a head to guide them; and a head sound and steady, endowed with both ingenuity and patience—

"Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

You could read it in their looks, oftentimes. One of the finest faces I ever saw—as fine as that of the wife in Millais' "Order of Release," and of much the same character—was that of a young woman who stood at one of the power-looms, day after day—grave and busy—apparently quite unconscious of her own beauty: not merely prettiness, but noble beauty. And I never shall forget the face of a working weaver at, I believe, a Manchester loom. He was weaving a very common material for gowns, such as would be sold for sevenpence or eightpence the yard—a plain fabric with a stripe at equal distances across it. In looking about (I fear—oh, pardonable weakness!—it was at a very pretty girl who stood watching his labour) the poor man lost count of the times his shuttle should fly, and wove a double instead of a single stripe. A small error—but it could not be allowed to pass. Looking doleful but determined, he stopped his loom at once, and taking out his penknife, cut, thread by thread, and picked out, with pains and care, the superfluous stripe; refilled his shuttle with a different colour; and then, after full five minutes' delay, he set the loom going and the shuttle flying. The web was all right—the error remedied—the victory won. A

lesson, methought, for more than poor Manchester weavers.

Yes, it was worth being squeezed almost to a pancake, half deafened with the noise of machinery, and half suffocated by the smell of oil and hot iron—to see that earnest, eager, intelligent crowd. One ceased to wonder at those heroic, patient, silently-suffering Lancashire operatives—one saw here the sort of stuff they were made of. God help them!—and may their country-people help them too, out of their present straits, before the enormous amount of dormant power in the class, instead of working itself out healthily in honest labour, be turned by the force of starvation and misery into anarchy, confusion, and crime.

But I linger over these living memories of our lost friend, when I meant only to speak of his latter days. People began to say he was dying, and that it was time for him to die; that he ought to be put an end to, ere he faded out, the miserable ghost of his summer splendour, in the November fogs. There was truth in that. As the attendance lessened, the hour of "ringing out" was made earlier and earlier; yet still, before visitors departed, mists were seen gathering down the vaulted nave, and one gaslight after another—not unneeded—appeared like glowworms about the darkening courts; one began to feel that our old friend had lived his life, and it was time for him to depart. Nevertheless, when we really knew that the 1st of November was to be his death-day, we all felt sorry. And it seemed, the final week, as if all the procrastinators in London, or Britain, had made up their minds at last, and came in a body to the Great Exhibition.

On the penultimate shilling-day, they streamed in a continuous flood, on foot or in omnibuses, down from Hyde Park Corner. Foggy the air was, muddy were the streets—to the heart's delight of many a busy shoe-black—yet the crowd rolled merrily on, past the shut-up Gospel Hall, the bureau for Bibles in all languages, the telegraph office, and the office for foreign newspapers—those temporary erections which will soon

vanish like mushrooms. Once more the Exhibition doors opened, as if they were to keep open for ever; and once more the people poured in by tens, twenties, hundreds, thousands, till in an hour or two the building was full.

Sixty-two thousand human beings collected under one roof is of itself a rare, grand, and touching show. As you sat on the benches under Dent's great clock, which goes solemnly moving on like the visible finger of Time, and looked down on the ever-stirring, yet ever-stationary sea of life below, you were filled with a sense of inexpressible awe. Your own individuality dwindled into nothing. Why, every monad before you was just as important as you; had its own pleasures, pains, and passions, no less keen than yours; must, like you, live alone, die alone, and pass into eternity alone. What were you, poor atom! to dare to dictate, criticize, condemn, or hate; or, indeed, to do anything but love and have pity, even as may the Highest in His infinite pity have mercy on us all!

But it was necessary to cease moralizing, and rise, in order to wander for the last time through the already crowded picture-galleries, full of riches that we shall never see again. The saddest thing about pictures is, that they are, to the many, such a fleeting possession, and then vanish away into unknown galleries and rich men's drawing-rooms to delight our eyes no more. It was grievous to bid good-bye to our familiar English favourites; and scarcely less so to part with those which, more than any other foreign painters, seemed to have taken hold on the British heart—the Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish pictures, so pathetically simple and true in themselves, and so charming as indications of that Northern life of which we know but little. One cannot turn from one to the other, whether it be Tidemand's "*Haugians, a Religious Sect in Denmark*;" or the same artist's exquisite "*Administration of the Sacrament to Sick Persons in a Norwegian Hut*;" the little cabinet pictures, so womanly and sweet, of Amalia Lindegren; or Exner's equally sweet "*Sunday Visit to Grandpapa*;"

and Schiott's "*Offer of Marriage*"—nay, I might name a dozen more—without feeling what a fine race these Northmen must be; how essentially domestic, honest, and sincere. And we go away, glad to think that our newly-betrothed Princess comes from this race; and that her pleasant girlish face, even in unflattering photographs, has in it all the strength and all the tenderness of the North.

On, past the Belgian horrors, grandly painted, but horrible still; and the gaudy rubbish of Southern art—how changed from mediæval Italy and Spain!—till we creep downstairs and refresh ourselves with the noble sculpture of the Roman Court, and with Magni's "*Girl Reading*," said to be a portrait of Garibaldi's daughter. Whether or not, it is enough to comfort us for walls full of bad Italian pictures—this almost perfect bit of sculpture, at once truest Nature and highest Art.

This is enough fatigue for one day, even though it be nearly the last day; so we will just sit quiet until the bells ring and we have to cast ourselves into that awful whirlpool of departure, thankful if we come to the surface somehow, without being engulfed in omnibuses, or dashed under cab-wheels, or meeting otherwise a summary and untimely end.

Everybody said that Saturday, November 1st, would be a very quiet day; that, there being no ceremonial, the crowd would not be greater than on ordinary Saturdays. But everybody was wrong. The public refused to part so easily from their six months' friend. Half an hour after opening, the picture-galleries were full to suffocation; not merely with the usual "*half-crown people*," but with many who, from their appearance, must not easily have scraped together their thirty pence, in order to see the Exhibition for, probably, the first and last time. In the nave the regular season-ticketers were in enormous force; not promenading, as usual, in slow lines, but collecting in knots, greeting and talking; everybody seeming to meet everybody they knew, and to unite in little consolatory chats, as they assisted at this farewell to the scene of so much enjoyment.

Still, there was a change. No gay May and June toilettes; most of the visitors were in sober winter dress, suited for the day—a thorough November day. Many of the courts were half dark, and the dreary white fog, which Londoners know so well, began soon after noon to gather overhead in the arch of the nave. Ay, it was time for our friend to die; but we were determined he should die bravely, even cheerily, like a Briton.

Though there was no formal notification of the fact, it was understood that God save the Queen would be sung about four o'clock under the western dome; and thither, about three o'clock, the visitors slowly pressed. Forty thousand of them, the *Times* stated next day, were gathered together at that one point, and we could well believe it. They filled area, staircases, galleries, thick as swarming bees. In the darkening twilight, they became a sight mysterious, nay awful; for they were such an enormous mass, and they were so very still. That curious sound, familiar to all Exhibition-goers, almost like the roaring of the sea, only that it came not in waves but continuously, had altogether ceased. Wedged together in a compact body, the people waited silently for the first notes, which stir every British heart to the core, and ever will.

God save the Queen! Here, at closing of the building, which she must have thought of and looked forward to so long, yet where her foot has never been, who could help a thrill deeper than ordinary as the notes burst out—thin and quavering at first—they were only sopranos in unison and unaccompanied—but gradually growing steadier and clearer, till the ending of the third line, when the organ took it up.

That was the moment—a moment never to be forgotten by any who were present. After a bar's pause, the people took it up too. From nave, transepts, and galleries, from the whole forty thousand as with one voice, arose the chorus—

“God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.”

Again the shrill sopranos led the tune, and again the people answered it, louder, steadier than before:—

“Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!”

It was an outburst of popular emotion—actual emotion—for I saw many, both men and women—(better terms than “ladies and gentlemen,” though they were such likewise)—stand singing out loud with the tears in their eyes. Such a sight was worth all the show ceremonials that could have been planned. Foreigners must have marvelled at it, and have seen in it some index of the reason why amidst crumbling tyrannies and maddened republics, we Britons keep our balance, with love and loyalty, that, we pray God, may never end.

As the anthem ceased, what a cheer arose! How interminably it lasted! And when, with a multitudinous roar, the public demanded it again, how it was chorussed grander than before—the sound of it whirling and whirling almost like a visible thing up to the great glass dome, where used to be blue sky, but was now all but darkness.

Here, I wish I could end. I wish I had not to record a sad anti-climax—a great mistake. The ill-advised organist, probably in compliment to foreign visitors, struck up “*Partant pour la Syrie*.” The sopranos began to sing it, and failed; a few voices started it in the crowd, and also failed; there was a feeble cry for “Hats off!” but the British public unanimously refused. It would not—how could it?—take its hat off to any but its own rightful Queen. A generally uncomfortable feeling arose. There were outcries for “*Yankee Doodle*,” and other national airs; a few hisses, cat-calls, and the like; and the public, which had taken the ceremony so entirely in its own hands, was becoming a very obstreperous public indeed. It evidently felt, and with justice, that it was not a right or decorous thing for the last notes heard in our great International and National Exhibition to be a foreign tune; nor that the farewell

cheer given therein should be given for anybody but our own beloved Queen.

It was a difficult position, for we could hardly have "God save the Queen" a third time; until some bold spirit in the crowd settled the matter by shouting out at the top of his voice, "Rule Britannia!" The crowd leaped at the idea. Overpowered by acclamations, the organist returned to his seat; once more the choir began, and the organ joined in chorus, together with the whole multitude below and around, who testified their not unworthy triumph by singing out, with redoubled emphasis, how "Britons never, never will be slaves."

So ended this strange scene, and with it the last day of the Great Ex-

hibition of 1862. Slowly and peaceably the visitors dispersed; many pacing for a long time up and down the shadowy nave, and in the French or Italian courts, where the cases, already covered up, looked in the dusky light like gigantic biers, faintly outlined under the white palls. And in spite of the deafening clang of innumerable bells, many still lingered round the Majolica fountain—lingered till it was nearly six o'clock, and quite dark, taking their last look of the familiar scene.

Yes, it is all over; and the chances are many that we of this generation shall never see an International Exhibition again. Let us remember this one tenderly. Let us say "*Requiescat in pace*," and go our ways.

DECEMBER, 1862.

TWO SONNETS, BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

I.

In a great house by the wide sea I sat,
And down slow fleets and waves that never cease
Looked back to the first keels of War and Peace;
Saw the Ark, what time the shoreless flat
Began to rock to rising Ararat;
Or Argo, surging home, with templed Greece
To leeward, while, mast-high, the lurching fleece
Swung morn from deep to deep. Then in a plat
Of tamarisk a bird called me. When again
My soul looked forth I ponder'd not the main
Of waters but of time; and, from our fast
Sure Now, with pagan joy, beheld the pain
Of tossing heroes on the tiremed Past
Obtest the festive gods and silent stars in vain.

II.

And, as I mused on all we call our own,
And (in the words their passionate hope had taught
Expressing this late world for which they fought
And prayed) said, lifting up my head to the sun,
"Ne quibus diis immortalibus," one
Ran with fear's feet, and lo! a voice distraught
"The Prince" and "Dead." And at the sound methought
The bulwark of my great house thunder'd down.
And, for an instant,—as some spell were sapping
All place—the hilly billows and billowy hills
Heaved through my breast the lapping wave that kills
The heart; around me the floor rises and falls
And jabbling stones of the unsteady walls
Ebb and flow together, lapping, lapping.

AN AMERICAN PROTECTIONIST.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

AMERICAN writers on the Northern side are apt to complain with too great sensitiveness of English want of sympathy. They certainly cannot complain that we do not take sufficient interest in their affairs, although it is true that the interest is generally on what they consider the wrong side. Any one who doubts it had better take up for a time the advocacy of the North in any English society. Whatever else happens to him, he will never be left, in Yankee phrase, "spoiling for a fight." He may be accommodated with as many and as eager opponents as any prize-fighting champion. He may dispute all day, and every day, against every conceivable view of the question. If he does not invariably find a very profound acquaintance with the facts, or any very intelligible political theories, he will have, at any rate, to contend against opinions which no amount of facts or theories could make more obstinate. We think, ourselves, that the supporters of an unpopular cause will, if they are wise, prefer even this hostile feeling to anything like indifference. It shows that if Englishmen are not fonder of Americans on account of their common blood, their relationship enables them, at any rate, to enter into the spirit of the thing; we feel like one of the family; though, as people generally do, we abuse our relations, when we once set about it, a good deal more heartily than we do other people. Whatever else may be the upshot of the present quarrel, it will be hard if it does not leave a good many people, on our side of the water as well as theirs, wiser as well as sadder men. There is, indeed, one cause which is generally said to detract from the interest of American politics, and to make the Northerners in particular less capable of affecting our sympathies than they

would otherwise be. No great man has as yet shown himself capable of concentrating the popular admiration, and standing as a symbol of the cause. It is very desirable for any foreign enterprise to have some one to represent the angelic hero, or, at least, some one to support the opposite character, if the English people are to be thoroughly excited. Probably the ordinary drayman has no very definite opinions as to Hungarian independence, and knows very little about Austrian despotism. But he has excellent reasons for appreciating the flogging of women; and, when Austrian tyranny was personified before him in an actual flesh and blood woman-flogger, with a long beard, the British brewer's breast was stirred even to an objectionable extent. In the opposite direction, we humbly venture to doubt whether even English hatred of Popery would produce a very strong enthusiasm for the idea of Italian unity, were it not for the well-known figure in a red shirt, with a sword in one hand and a flag in the other. Now, although the Americans may, perhaps, have a candidate for Haynau's place in General Butler, they have certainly not yet turned out a Garibaldi. President Lincoln is a benevolent elderly gentleman with an unpleasant trick of setting his foot down in the wrong place. General McClellan has, at present, although he has shown undeniably great qualities, not exhibited those which are calculated to excite popular enthusiasm. It is not quite enough for him to avoid irreparable defeat. Neither Lincoln nor McClellan are men exactly qualified to stand as personifications of the strongest aspirations of a great people. And yet we doubt whether the American cause suffers in real interest from this absence of commanding figures. The extraordinary zeal and energy of the great mass of the people

becomes the more imposing from the very absence of leaders of distinction. There is a grandeur about the unanimous movement of a vast multitude, as well as about the more orderly motions of a disciplined army. If the Americans have no Garibaldi to lead them, neither is it possible for any one to restrain and govern their passions, whether rightly or wrongly excited, by the personal intrigues and sharp practice of a Napoleon and a Cavour. A people who can raise armies, build fleets, and fight battles as the Americans have done, may claim, at any rate, the praise due to unrivalled energy; moreover, the motives which could raise such masses and set such forces in action, cannot, whatever else they may be, be over-refined or skin-deep. They must be tolerably simple or they would not be understood by the mass of the people, and tolerably strong or they would not produce such a startling development of energy. It is this characteristic which makes the struggle peculiarly interesting to some observers. We seem, at any rate, to see the great motives which influence vast populations, actually at work, unmasked by the ordinary diplomatic proprieties. The revelations may not always be agreeable, but they are, at any rate, genuine. Our cousins may not always secure our approval, but, at any rate, we can understand what they are after. "Rough they may be," as the Yankee remarks in Martin Chuzzlewit, but they are tolerably plain-spoken.

When the struggle began it was a favourite device of those who sympathised with the South, to pooh-pooh the notion that the real question at issue was slavery, or any other tolerably creditable subject for debate, and to say that it was simply a question of Free-trade or Protection. For the reasons we have been giving, we always considered this argument very inadvisable. In the first place, it was obviously untrue, and, secondly, it was extremely damaging to the cause it professed to support. It was damaging to the cause of the South, because it assigned an

utterly contemptible motive for incurring the fearful evils of a civil war, and breaking up the greatest and most successful confederacy in history. Even in the merest profit and loss point of view, it would puzzle the advocates of the South to say how many years of the Morrill Tariff would inflict one-tenth part of the injury upon the commerce of the country that one year of war has done; and still more, how a Free-trade secured at such a price would pay for the mere commercial injury caused by breaking up the firm, by introducing hostile tariffs, standing armies, and national debts into America itself. But the falsity of the assertion made was, at least, equally obvious. It becomes daily more palpably certain that so comparatively trifling a matter could never have produced such momentous effects. The diverging interests of some of the States in questions of tariffs may well have added something to the bitterness of feeling, but that it should have produced that difference may be at once dismissed as something incredible. The real points of difference must have lain far deeper, and touched far more vital questions. The cause suggested is simply inadequate to have produced the known effects, even omitting the very obvious consideration that the effects would have been not only more trifling, but specifically different—that the line of division, as determined by the collision of commercial interests, would be something very different from that which has actually been produced. In fact, however, the question has pretty nearly slipped out of sight, in presence of the far more important interests involved.

Although the question of Free-trade is therefore, in our opinion, a mere collateral issue, it is still one of no small importance in itself. Our relations with America are so intimate that it must always be a matter of great interest to us to observe the natural tendencies of their commercial policy. Moreover, it is worth while to consider how much of the national bitterness which has been produced may be owing to this policy. Free-trade may not be the great bone

of contention between North and South, but it is, perhaps, that point in dispute between them which most immediately affects us. If every individual Northerner were an energetic abolitionist, and voted for the war simply to overthrow slavery, and if, at the same time, they were also protectionists, our hatred of slavery would scarcely induce us to pardon their meditated injury to our commercial interests. As we doubt their being disinterested opponents of slavery, we find it all the harder to pardon their love of protection.

A curious illustration of the patriotic Northerner's creed is to be found in a work lately published, entitled "The Tariff Question," by Erastus B. Bigelow. A work bearing on its titlepage the name of Erastus B. Bigelow can, perhaps, hardly be said to want no other recommendation. When we add that in size it is a kind of young folio, and that it is deliberately written to prove the doctrine of Free-trade to be a fallacy, we shall hardly make it more attractive. We have, however, had the courage to open it, and, to some extent, to read it. The enterprise is not quite so difficult as might be expected. A hundred pages contain what we may, by courtesy, call the argument. Two hundred and thirty more are filled with endless columns of figures. Opening these pages at random, we find such facts as the number of tons employed in the cod fishery of the United States from 1815-60, the duties payable on perfumed soap, periodicals, pestles and mortars, and an indefinite number of other articles, in various tariffs, and an endless variety of other refreshing statistical facts. We are not prepared to say that some human beings might not be found capable of swallowing and digesting these columns, and even of bringing out some useful results. We can, however, confidently state that, if Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow has swallowed them, they have decidedly disagreed with him. They have resulted in about a hundred pages, in which, fortunately, the type is large and the margin broad; moreover, the argument includes a very small

allowance of that Yankee bluster which is so offensive to most educated Englishmen; and the whole is also an instructive illustration of the commercial policy which commends itself to the American mind. We must also acknowledge the industry which has brought together a large and, in some respects, valuable collection of statistics. But this is all we can say in praise of him.

The political economy may be judged of from a couple of specimens. Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow still seriously quotes Chalmers to prove the exploded fallacy of a general glut of commodities. We are constantly, it appears, on the very borders of the awful danger that such an immense amount of production will take place that everybody will have more of everything than he can possibly want; and, consequently, the production of commodities will be discouraged. Protection is recommended us as a specific for this distressing malady. It is certainly likely to prove an effective one.

At another place Mr. Bigelow expresses his indignation that England should profess to be a free-trading country. We actually impose a greater duty upon imports from America than the United States impose upon imports from England. On looking at the figures, we find that much more than nineteen-twentieths of this duty upon American imports is imposed upon tobacco. An Englishman would, as Mr. Bigelow foresees, humbly submit that this could scarcely be called a protective duty. So far from taxing foreign tobacco in order that we may grow it ourselves, we actually forbid ourselves to grow it. But this objection is received with indignant contempt, and we are treated to a prospective sneer at the inconsistency between our practice and our profession "of spreading the blessings of civilization and Christianity by means of commercial freedom."

After this, it would clearly be rash to argue with Mr. Bigelow. There is a quality against which the gods themselves contend in vain. Moreover we must confess to a certain feeling of

sympathy with Mr. Bigelow's last argument. We do, indeed, most firmly believe that civilization and Christianity are spread by free-trade. We believe that this is, perhaps, the truest recommendation of free-trade. But we are rather inclined to doubt the propriety of putting forward this argument, as is sometimes done, to the exclusion of certain much more humble ones, which are not, however, necessarily less effective. When a beggar asks for sixpence, he is apt to put it to you, that by giving it him you are exercising a Christian virtue. You know, however, perfectly well, that he wants the sixpence with a view to a loaf of bread or a glass of gin; and that your exhibition of Christian virtue is comparatively a matter of indifference to him. When English writers recommend the adoption of free-trade by foreign nations, they sometimes, perhaps, pitch their note a little too high. They are rather fond of treating the poor benighted foreigner as a professor of political economy would treat a labourer about to strike. They tell him that he is contravening the great laws of supply and demand, that he is, in fact, running his head against a stone wall, and is very much in want of a guide with a pair of eyes in his head. They imply that the English people, being generally perfectly well acquainted with certain abstruse scientific laws, only dimly visible to the rest of the earth, acted with a grand reliance upon them, when they repealed the corn-laws, and were not simply taking the shortest way they could to get cheap bread. All this is, perhaps, more or less true, but it is not the less "aggravating." It has evidently considerably annoyed Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow. Mr. Cobden and others, he says, have recommended free-trade to him, because it would tend to spread Christianity and civilization. When he came to look into the matter, he discovered that free-trade would also keep up the profits of English manufacturers. He found out that whilst England might, perhaps, be spreading civilization, she was undoubtedly putting money into her own pocket. He fancied

that this last process was equivalent to taking it out of other men's pockets; and he therefore very erroneously concluded that the English apostles of free-trade were little better than false prophets, who were trying to make money under the guise of a disinterested zeal for truth. We need hardly point out the complete confusion of ideas involved in all this; but we may, perhaps, not be the worse for seeing ourselves a little as Mr. Bigelow sees us. When we lecture other countries on their gross ignorance of political economy, we may as well remember that the immediate cause of our repeal of the corn-laws was not the thorough saturation of the popular mind with scientific doctrines. The farmers and the agricultural interest were not persuaded by a study of Adam Smith or Mr. Mill. The arguments which in fact did the work were absolute famine and the direct interest of other classes. In fact, a larger and more influential part of the population had a very clear gain in cheap bread than the part which was temporarily benefited by dear bread. Fortunately it was impossible for us to do good to ourselves without doing good to others. A policy, which, like most policy of a sensible character, was adopted at first on selfish grounds, ultimately was as useful as if it had been purely disinterested. It is well to remember these things in order that we may not speak too harshly or with too much apparent arrogance of countries, which have not yet followed our course. Especially we must expect that in a country like America, where the mass of the people are much less dependent upon the advantages of free-trade, and where the mass has much more weight in comparison with the enlightened classes, they will be slow to see the course which true wisdom would dictate. By following out Mr. Bigelow's argument a little further, we shall, however, be able to form a more accurate notion of the way in which free-trade presents itself to a patriotic, if not very intelligent, Northerner.

What, in particular, is the disadvantage which Mr. Bigelow really sees in free-

trade? What are the special evils which he expects it to produce in the North? He is not, we should say, a confirmed protectionist. He has, of course, a certain leaning to the prevailing fallacy that it is an advantage to a country to make its own manufactures, when it can get them much more cheaply by making things to exchange for them. But he has also a sort of vague impression that commercial restrictions cannot be defended on principle. His real defence of them is on two grounds; both of which are intelligible, though singularly unsuitable, it seems to us, to an American mouth. The first is his impression that a country ought to protect its own manufactures until they are sufficiently organised to be able to support foreign competition. It would be hard to say that this was in itself necessarily an absurdity. Perhaps cases might be produced in which an industry has actually been originated by a protective system, which would not have sprung up otherwise, and which has nevertheless been able to maintain itself afterwards. Such, for example, was the case of beetroot sugar, which began in France during the late war; and which, it appears, has increased fourfold during the last twenty years, during which it has been subject to unrestricted competition. But such an argument, as applied to America, is absurd in the extreme. In a country where every one is accustomed to rely upon Government to take the initiative in everything, where competition is so torpid, and labour so unintelligent, that it is necessary to employ official power to induce people to put money into their own pockets, and to show them how to do it, such a policy might be defensible. The United States are the exact opposite to all this. There is nowhere keener competition, greater skill in applying labour and machinery, or less want of any kind of Government assistance. The only respects, as Mr. Bigelow himself observes, in which we have the advantage of them, are cheap labour and abundant capital. Even in these they will every year be treading more closely on our heels. It is, therefore,

absurd to suppose that they will delay developing their manufactures one instant longer than that period at which they can make them themselves more cheaply than import them. They are the last of all people who ought to wish the Government to take them by the hand, in order to show them their own interests. Supposing that, in some cases, we can undersell their manufacturers even in their home-markets, they may be quite sure that we shall not be permitted to do this one instant longer than it is an advantage to them, as well as to us. So soon as they can make their own goods more cheaply than they can import them by any application of skill and energy, so soon they will be certain to do it. We may dismiss this argument as being not only absurd in itself, but one that can hardly have any effect even upon the minds of Americans themselves. The real objection goes deeper. Mr. Bigelow objects to buying our manufactured goods, even though it is clearly more profitable, commercially, to buy our goods than to raise them at home. His reason for this is curious and instructive. It is a simple inversion of the ordinary argument for free-trade. Mr. Cobden, as we have already seen, has rather excited Mr. Bigelow's wrath by stating that Free-trade tends to promote civilization. It tends to make nations more dependent upon each other, and, therefore, to make war more expensive and disagreeable. Mr. Bigelow practically admits this: but to him the argument tells exactly in the opposite direction. Free-trade makes war more hurtful, is his argument, but war is a necessity; therefore, let us avoid free-trade. We must always be expecting a fight; the expectation of universal peace is simply Utopian; therefore let us keep as clear as we can from any engagements with our neighbours. Certainly Mr. Bigelow's argument is a remarkable one. It is frequently said, as an argument against facility of divorce, that, the more firmly man and wife are tied together, the more disagreeable they will find it to quarrel; and the common conclusion is that they should be tied

as firmly as possible. Mr. Bigelow's argument would be exactly the contrary. He would say, Men and wives always will quarrel; it is Utopian to expect that they should not; consequently let us make it as easy for them to separate as possible. The fact which he states is undeniable. We have only too good reasons for knowing how sensitive we are, not only to our neighbours quarrelling with us, but even to their quarrelling amongst themselves. The mere fact that we imported in the year 1860 between fourteen and fifteen millions of quarters of corn would itself be sufficient to show to what an extent we now depend upon foreign countries for the necessities of life. Indeed, it becomes rather hard to see how our policy can be so profoundly Machiavelian in his eyes as he represents it. We at any rate must appear to him to be trusting pretty implicitly to the spread of civilization and to the decline of war, when we place ourselves so unreservedly at the mercy of foreign countries for our supplies of food. Probably he conceives that the cunning man has over-reached himself: whilst we were laboriously contriving and scheming in order that we might have the pleasure of producing manufactures for foreigners, we unwittingly came under the misfortune of depending upon them for great part of our food. This is undeniably true; and, if Mr. Bigelow considers that the first was a great advantage, he will not improbably look upon the other as a heavy retribution. Meanwhile we will try to throw out for him this piece of consolation. He seems to be haunted by the fear that the Americans will be reduced to the condition of the Israelites, when there was no smith throughout the land, because the Philistines feared they might make swords or spears. Even under these circumstances the Israelites would have had a considerable advantage if the Philistines had been dependent on them for bread; and, in the same way, every increase of international trade makes war in the long run as disagreeable for one party as it does for the other. However much, therefore, the Americans

may suffer in case of war by allowing themselves to become partially dependent upon England for implements of war (and it seems that for the present they are pretty well able to hold their own in this respect), they may be comforted by reflecting that they would injure us equally by cutting off our supplies. The whole theory, however, is obviously too preposterous to bear argument. It is strange that any one should seriously recommend a great nation to deprive themselves of much of the advantage of a foreign trade in order that, some time or other, they may be able to go to war with less inconvenience. It is, we must suppose, the result of the present state of feeling of the North. They have, as we have already said, shown an amount of energy for which no one could have been prepared. They have shown themselves ready to sacrifice anything and everything in order to carry on the war. National credit becomes a trifle, and a debt is almost a thing to be proud of. It is not strange that they should be willing to sacrifice foreign trade too, if it seems at first sight to injure the war-making power of the country. They have been enjoying a profound peace so long that, when waked up to a tremendous war, which occupies every faculty they possess, the rebound makes them attribute an exaggerated importance to war. Everything whatever that can interfere with the one object of carrying on war successfully must go to the wall. Mr. Bigelow has an impression, to a certain extent true, that the more a country depends upon foreign trade, the more liable it is to be injured by war. Let every country, therefore, learn to form an independent community as far as possible, making its own clothes, growing its own food, and especially manufacturing its own powder and shot. As Mr. Bigelow objects to our saying that free-trade has a civilizing tendency, we will not ask too curiously what effect upon civilization his own pet schemes would probably produce.

The theory, indeed, that every nation ought to live in a separate compartment shut out from the rest of the world, in

order that it may be more ready to fight, is one too much opposed to common sense, and too much opposed to the interest of individuals, to be tenable except in times of extreme excitement. We have referred to it chiefly because it is an interesting example of the extreme lengths to which even a well-informed and laborious observer may be driven. It shows how powerfully the idea of war has seized upon the imagination of Americans, and how it has ousted all common sense. It would be more interesting to inquire what were the chances, that, when peace returns, a more intelligent view may become popular. On the one hand, all the statistics which Mr. Bigelow has collected show how strong is the interest which many classes in America have in free-trade. We need not speak of the cotton trade. The enormous regions of the West have a direct interest in obtaining freedom of trade in agricultural products, and an interest which must every year become stronger. The farmers, who exported the endless quantities of corn which Mr. Trollope saw pouring through Chicago, will, doubtless, be slow to see the advantage of paying heavily for manufacturing products, in order to foster the development of the Eastern States. It is to be observed, however, that these evils, generated by protection, are not likely to press heavily on the population. We cannot expect much from the necessarily slow progress of enlightenment in the science of political economy. The planters, who are sometimes commended to our sympathy because of their wish for free-trade, are quite quick enough to ask for protection whenever they fancy that they want it. They naturally do not ask for protection to cotton. It is, probably, only one class who would wish for protection to the negro-trade. But, as Mr. Bigelow tells us, the amount of protective duties levied on products of the planting States in 1860, namely, on sugar and tobacco, was ten millions of dollars, those levied on manufactured commodities being about eighteen millions. We do not expect any rapid progress of perfectly

disinterested views sufficient to convert producers of protected articles. It will, probably, be some time before the consumers of them will feel a sufficient pressure to induce them to stir themselves. Mr. Bigelow argues against free-trade in general, because the progress of English commerce has been less rapid for the last ten years than that of the United States under a protective system. The argument is sufficiently weak, and is an example of the complete impossibility of treating such a subject by a mere appeal to statistics. It is just as sensible an argument as if we were to say that it was healthier to live in London than the country, because a boy of seventeen had grown an inch in a year in London, and, when removed to the country, had ceased to grow at all. There are many other circumstances upon which the growth of a country depends than its commercial system. Providentially, there is scarcely any amount of Government interference which can possibly prevent a country from progressing. If a nation, with the enormous resources of which Mr. Bigelow justifiably boasts, had not made rapid progress, the fact would indeed be a startling one. If the British coalfields, he says, are represented in area by the number 54, those of the United States will be represented by 2,691; and their supplies of iron are simply inexhaustible. Without quoting more statistics to illustrate what nobody doubts, the unrivalled productive powers—of the United States, and the skill and enterprise of their possessors—we need merely remark that, even if confined to their own manufactures entirely, they could no doubt afford to get on without very sensibly feeling the increased cost of production. This being the case, the interests immediately affected will probably be able to retain protection for some time longer, in a country especially where private interests know how to make themselves respected, whether by fair means or foul. There are, no doubt, a good many people in America who would at first lose considerably by free-trade; and the benefits resulting from it

would be comparatively indirect and little felt, because spread over a far larger area.

We can only hope that Americans will gradually see that they are after all only "cutting off their nose to spite their face," and hurting themselves a great deal more than anybody else. With the markets of the world open to us, we shall be able to get on, even though the half-dead giant Protection still manages to sit up in his cave apart and gnash his teeth at us. When an intelligent people see the advantages which we derive from our freer system, and a few more advances, such as that made under the treaty with France, have caused those advantages to be an article of popular belief here, as they must do before long, we can hardly doubt that the contagion will reach America too. Unless their spirit has become strangely changed, it cannot fail to be so.

No one will doubt that the policy which Mr. Bigelow advocates judiciously unites the advantages of being unchristian in its results, and foolish as regards the commercial interests of his country. It must also be confessed that it is extremely natural, especially in the frantic state of excitement which makes all Americans look through a distorting glass for the present. As to its bearings upon the sympathy with which Englishmen should regard America, we cannot say that we think it of any importance whatever. Whether it is desirable, or not desirable, for our commercial interests, that the North should be separated from the South, is far too large a question to be discussed here. But, to say the truth, the other interests involved are so enormously great, that we should consider it utterly unworthy of any Englishman, with a soul above that of a stockbroker, to consider the subject from this point of view. The North may possibly be wrong in carrying on the war; we do not now ask whether they are or are not; but no one can deny that the objects for which they fight are sufficiently intelligible, and that the war is, at any

rate, not liable to the reproach that it is carried on for trivial ends. We therefore protest against the attempt to make so superficial a question as this of tariffs the one which is to determine English sympathies. If the South wants free-trade, they want it just because it will directly increase their profits. If the North are protectionists, it is because they fancy (erroneously, it is true) that protection will do them good. When we remember how strenuously the battle was fought in this country, how stubbornly protection was demanded long after every unprejudiced observer could see that it was absolutely necessary to the interests of the country, we should be careful not to speak too contemptuously of those who are now simply reproducing our own arguments. They are reproduced with a little more show, perhaps, of reasoning, because they have been more discussed of late years, and are put more roughly and more brutally, so to speak, because men's passions are more excited. But in judging of them, it is absurd to deny that morally, North and South are in this matter, exactly on a level. Intellectually, the Northern writers occupy an untenable position, no doubt, and one which no English writer could now maintain. But it is one which many of us occupied not long ago, and from which we were only driven by the plainest possible views of our own interest. We should, therefore, endeavour to speak of them with a little more generosity, and less arrogance than is common in the pages of some of our newspapers. We should endeavour to show our superiority to them, if we are conscious of it, by taking a view of the quarrel, not entirely determined by the pounds, shillings, and pence, or the immediate pecuniary interests of England. Meanwhile, we hope that, whenever they are again at peace, the advantages procurable by freedom of trade will have become so obvious, that they will have no chance but to follow the rest of the world in a path which ought to be more natural to no one than to Americans.

NELSON'S SWORD.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the bowery lanes of Woodfield stands a square red brick house of the Georgian era, old but not ancient, with narrow sash-windows and a black street-door, surmounted with a fan-shaped light decorated with meagre imitations of Gothic tracery painted white.

This domicile is called The Wood Grange, from its proximity to the last remnant of the aboriginal forest, which formerly extended over a considerable portion of the parish of Woodfield.

Those green lanes which intersect each other near the Grange, and have the appearance of four arcaded avenues of approach, were anciently glades cut through the forest—the first roads used in Woodfield.

In front of the house is a quaint, pleasant garden, fenced with a close-clipped tall privet hedge, resembling a green wall, so thick as to form a good screen from the north-east winds. A fruitful orchard occupies the background. The garden is separated from a meadow which skirts the wood by a picturesque pond, garlanded with aspens, elders, willows, ash, and other water-loving trees and plants.

Woodfield Grange was one of the favourite haunts of our celebrated Suffolk artist, Gainsborough, who was a friend and frequent visitor of its former possessor, and painted many of his sylvan sketches while sojourning beneath his roof. The oaken panels of the dull north parlour devoted to his use, which he called his studio, and those of his bedchamber, were enriched with original sketches from his brush.

I remember being struck with the beauty and nature of a life-like group of sunburnt peasant children gathering primroses in a nook of one of those

green bowery lanes near the Grange, and the arch expression of the faces of two merry urchins peeping over the shoulder of an elder brother, who was angling in a half-recumbent posture on the shady margin of the unmistakeable pond at the bottom of the garden, and evidently much inconvenienced by their intrusive curiosity in pressing upon him to watch his manœuvres while in the critical act of landing the perch he had hooked.

Then there were in his bedroom the whole-length portraits of two black-eyed maidens, apparently of the ages of thirteen and fourteen, in eager chase of a butterfly, attended by a spaniel as full of glee and animation as themselves, leaping up and baying at the object of their pursuit.

On an opposite panel the same damselfs were depicted in soberer mood, walking hand in hand in a flowery parterre, wearing furbelowed blue silk dresses, point-lace stomachers and aprons, and blue high-heeled shoes with carnation-coloured rosettes. These and various of Gainsborough's unfinished studies from nature—which, if brought to the hammer in Christie's auction-rooms, would have realized more than enough to have bought the fee-simple of the Wood Grange Estate—have all disappeared; but how, when, and where they went, no one knows: not even the person who finally inherited the mansion has ever been able to ascertain.

The Wood Grange, it is true, remained empty for several years after the death of Gainsborough's friend; but it is certain that the abstraction of the panels enriched with those precious sketches was not effected at that period, as I saw them during the occupation of the mansion by John Dashwater, the tenant to whom it was subsequently let.

This worthy, whom I must now have the honour of introducing as the hero of my historiette, was a fine old veteran seaman from Great Yarmouth. He was called, per courtesy, Captain Dashwater, having for many years commanded the swift-sailing packet between that town and Heligoland. He had reluctantly resigned that post in his seventieth year, in consequence of having rashly entered into the bonds of matrimony with a third wife of very unsuitable age. Perceiving that, unlike the affectionate and discreet matrons her predecessors, she had more love for balls, plays, and evening parties than for his society, he thought it prudent to remove with her into a retired neighbourhood, where few temptations to enter into scenes of dissipation were likely to occur, and they might both enjoy a life of innocent rural felicity. With this object in view, he secured a seven years' lease of the Wood Grange at a low rent; purchased a pony-gig and quiet pony, that he might have the pleasure of driving Mrs. D. to church, and occasionally to Scratchby, to have a look at the sea, and chat with the seafaring folk while she was making her purchases at the shops, or transacting business with her dressmaker: "the only thing," she said, that relieved her dulness in the outlandish place to which it had pleased Captain D. to transport her from the gay world of Great Yarmouth."

"Mrs. D.," remonstrated John Dashwater, "you are quite out of your reckoning in calling Woodfield an outlandish place, its only fault is it is four miles from the sea. I tell you, my dear, it is an inland place. Howsomever, I am going to set up a flagstaff tall enough for my old messmates to see as they are going down to the north, or up to London along the coast, that they may know where I have come to anchor. I am thinking too, my dear, you would not be quite so dull if you had something to do in the way of useful employment; nor I either, if so be I had a little occupation to pass away the time, as I have been always accustomed to an active life."

"Pray, Captain D., what can you or I or any one else do here?" asked she, disdainfully. "We might have plenty to amuse us at dear old Yarmouth, if you would go back there, or even if you would hire a pretty little marine villa at Gorleston."

"No, no, no! Mrs. D.," said Captain Dashwater; "I am not going to make such a fool of myself as to move backwards and forwards. I have taken a lease of this pretty house, and I mean to live here and be comfortable—that is, if you will allow me to be so; and, as we are spliced together for better or worse, I can only tell you it will be your best plan to rest in smooth waters. And now, as I am a dutiful husband, and don't wish to hide anything from my wife, I think it only proper to tell you that I am going over to Yarmouth to-morrow by the mail."

"Why not drive over in the pony-gig, and then I can go with you, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Dashwater, eagerly.

"Because, messmate, it is too stiff a journey for poor Billy, and I sha'n't want you at all, for I am going to an auction on the Denes to buy a few things, such as you can be no judge of, to make these premises complete and suitable for us both," replied he.

"I think it very unhandsome of you, Captain D.—very unhandsome, indeed, to go to Yarmouth and leave me alone in this horrid dull place, where I don't know a creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Dashwater, indignantly; "and as for going to an auction without me to lay out our money, it is what I do not at all approve."

"Sorry for it, Mrs. D., but you will be very well satisfied when you see the purchases," said the old seaman, who, when he had made up his mind, never allowed anything to shake his determination.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day, in defiance of all conjugal remonstrances, he was up and took his place outside the Yarmouth Mail at

six in the morning, to attend the auction. He returned in the evening with his purchases in a waggon, seated in state in an old boat that was perched on the top of a load of timbers from a broken-up wreck, the mast of a brig, a large chest of carpenter's tools, and a super-annuated bathing-machine.

He bore a flag in each hand, with which he saluted the house as soon as he was near enough to be recognised by his indignant spouse.

"What a cargo of detestable trash!" cried she, rushing to the door; "and I wonder how you are ever to be got down from that fool's throne!"

"Never you trouble about that, my dear," replied he, laughing. "Don't you know I am an old flying-fish?" Then, casting out a coil of rope, one end of which was fastened to the boat, he swung himself down with the activity of a squirrel, caught her in his arms, and attempted to close her lips with a hearty salute.

"Let me alone!" cried she, angrily rejecting the conjugal caress. "I am very much displeased with you, Mr. D."

"Very sorry to hear it, messmate, for you look prettiest when you are pleased," replied Dashwater; "and you ought to be pleased, for I have brought you home some capital bargains."

"What use is all that wretched lumber to me, I wonder?" exclaimed Mrs. Dashwater contemptuously.

"Wait awhile till you see, my deary," rejoined her husband. "You know, Mrs. D., I bought, the day before yesterday, at Farmer Mills's auction, a cow, two pigs, a brood goose, twelve ducks, a score of hens, and a cock."

"Yes, my dear, like the fool you are; and, when they came home we had no place to put them in but the stable and the gig-house, and a precious row they have been making all day!" cried the indignant matron.

"Ay, ay! messmate, I believe you," exclaimed he, laughing, "for I heard them all at it this morning when I started, and thought I should catch it when I came home; but never mind, sweetheart; I am going to build houses

and coops for them all out of these timbers."

"And, pray, what are you going to do with that frightful old boat?" interrupted Mrs. Dashwater.

"Why, my dear," replied he, pointing to a handsome young mechanic, who now descended from the waggon, "this honest chap, Carpenter Jack, and I are going to saw it in two to-morrow a-midships, and make a couple of prime alcoves out of the two ends, for me to smoke my pipe in with you by my side, with your stitching or knitting and knotting, when the sun shines, and you are in a good mind."

"I never shall be in a good mind, Mr. D., when I see such trash stuck up to make us look ridiculous," said Mrs. Dashwater, turning disdainfully away.

"Why, Mrs. D., my dear, don't be so cross-grained about what is meant to please you! You know all the skippers at Southtown and Gorleston have them for smoking-seats in their gardens."

"Only those who are very low, Mr. D.—very low indeed! And pray, Mr. D., what on earth have you bought that article for?" continued Mrs. Dashwater, pointing to the bathing-machine? "I suppose to turn into a summerhouse, to complete our disgrace!"

"Well, not exactly, my dear; though, as you perceive, it would do very nicely for the purpose you mention," replied old Dashwater, eyeing his purchase complacently, and rubbing his hands. "Yes, very nicely, if I gave it a lick of grass-green paint to make it look rural, and fitted it up with a flagstaff to hoist one of my flags on a fine day; but I mean to turn it into something that will be very useful to you."

"I shall be happy to hear what that can be."

"A travelling poultry-house, my dear."

"A travelling poultry-house!" ejaculated Mrs. Dashwater, with a look of ineffable scorn.

"Yes, my dear," rejoined he, rubbing his hands again: "a three-decker on wheels, which can be moved at the word of command to avoid the N.E.

wind; but I see you don't quite comprehend my plan, so I'll explain. The lower deck will be for goosey and her goslings; they will go in at the door, and a capital berth I shall make up for them. I shall put a shelf over their heads to make a second deck for the cock and hens, and fit it up with perches for them to roost on, and lockers for the hens' nests, which will tempt them to lay plenty of eggs. They shall have a companion-ladder outside, so that they may march in at the windows; and above them I shall put in another shelf, and fit up some snug pigeon-lockers. That is to be the first job Carpenter Jack and I start with after we have sawed the boat in two, and set up our alcoves."

"Carpenter Jack, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Dashwater; "and am I to be saddled with the trouble and expense of keeping and feeding him too?"

Jack touched his paper cap, and tried to look penitent for his unwelcome intrusion, while Captain Dashwater sturdily replied:

"In course, my dear, and I hope you and your maid will make him very comfortable, as he comes to oblige me. He is my old ship-carpenter's mate, as honest a lad as ever broke biscuit, and a very smart chap at his trade. He has promised to stay with me till he has put us all in tack, and I think it will not take less than a fortnight to do that."

Mrs. Dashwater heaved a sigh, that almost amounted to a groan of disapprobation, but said no more. She had been married six months, and, in the course of that period of conjugal experience, had learned that her old man was determined to be the master of his own house, in his own queer way. He was never out of temper, laughed at all her lectures, and did as he pleased.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Captain Dashwater and Carpenter Jack rose with the lark, and made the echoes of Woodfield Forest vocal with snatches of sea-songs,

accompanied with the rough music of their saws and hammers; while all the children from all the cottages in the lanes and back settlements of the parish hastened thither to watch their operations, with no less interest than if the performances were acts in a pantomime.

The boat was sawed in two the first day, to the infinite regret of the band of juvenile spectators, who had hoped to see her launched on the pond and sailing about there. And, though their nautical neighbour, goodnaturedly, took the trouble of explaining to them that, being no longer fit for the water, it was intended to make two pretty alcoves of the two ends, the youngsters pathetically lamented her destruction.

When this feat had been accomplished, the possibility of the two ends being upreared in the respective stations Captain Dashwood had assigned to them was doubted; but the energetic veteran, who was wont to declare "that he had scratched the word 'impossible' out of his dictionary," was at no loss on this occasion; for, saddling his dapple-grey pony, he ambled down to Scratchby, and, making his need known, in a rich nautical harangue, to the seafaring folk assembled at the pilot's lookout station on the centre cliff, he had the immediate offer of a dozen goodnatured able-bodied fellows, in blue jackets, to assist him in his difficulty. He rode home, in high glee, at the head of this jolly squadron of volunteers, and, aided by their active exertions, succeeded in uprearing his two alcoves, fixing them in very advantageous situations, and planting his tall flagstaff, surmounted with a vane to indicate the way of the wind, having the figure of a sailor with a pipe in his hand to act as pointer. He then hoisted his union jack with three cheers, in which he was lustily joined both by his nautical auxiliaries and the excited spectators of his proceedings, the peasantry of Woodfield, who, being released from their own labours at six o'clock in the evening, had hastened to the scene of action with their wives and children, postponing the enjoyment of their suppers till

a later hour than ordinary, in order to witness the operations of their new neighbour at the Grange and his sea-faring assistants.

Such of the cottage youngsters as were possessed of pocket-handkerchiefs—red, blue, spotted, or checked—tied them on sticks to convert them into flags; those who had not had seized their mothers' aprons, or the patchwork coverlets of the babies' cradles, for the same purpose, and waved them aloft in token of their delight at the novel spectacle.

Captain Dashwater was not the man to send his jolly bluejackets away fasting after their toils. He called loudly on "Mrs. D.! Mrs. D.!" and "blue-eyed Sally the maid," to bring out all the good cheer the house afforded; while Carpenter Jack, and two or three handy fellows among his helps, arranged four planks laid square, and supported on some of the pieces of the wreck, to serve for a table, covered with a clean sail. Then knives, forks, spoons, plates, mugs, and a loaf of bread were brought out; a basket of biscuits, a huge piece of hung beef, two Hamburg sausages, a black pudding, and a sea-pie; a gallon bowl of gooseberry-fool, a new cheese, four pats of butter in cabbage-leaves, a plate of radishes, a plate of young green onions, a jug of home-brewed beer, and a jug of milk.

Captain Dashwater and his company were far too happy to require such pernicious means for exhilaration as spirit-drinking, especially as Mrs. Dashwater—who, although a scold and a confirmed grumbler, was by no means deficient in the virtue of hospitality—provided them two gallons of coffee and tea *ad libitum*, by which she saved her more expensive stores, obliged her husband, and won golden opinions from all the sailors. They drank her health with all the honours, and a prayer that her days might be long in the land.

Surely, it was an evening indelibly recorded in the mental log-book of every seaman in that company—an evening of neighbourly exchange of kindness, and of innocent rural enjoyment!

The full May-moon rose bright and

broad above them, in a cloudless sky, long before the party rose from table; for they had got into the patriotic vein, and begun to recount the triumphs of the British flag on the main, from the defeat of the Armada down to the Battle of Navarino. Then they sang naval songs, to the infinite delight of the agricultural witnesses of their pleasure outside the white rails which separated the woodland meadow where they had worked, and were now banqueting, from the green lane.

At the conclusion of every song, men, women, and children without the barriers gave unbidden shouts of applause, and raised the rude East Anglian chorus,

"Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one,"

Captain Dashwater duly responding to the compliment by flinging biscuits and oranges among them for a scramble. His own rich full voice, unspoiled by time and distinguished above the rest by its manly depth, was glorious in "Rule Britannia," "Hearts of Oak," and "Ye Mariners of England"—those heart-thrilling national melodies which are now unworthily superseded in the fashionable world by untranslatable Italian or German bravura songs.

After rising and singing bareheaded their loyal finale "God save the King,"—it was in the reign of our sailor sovereign William IV.—the grateful blue-jackets gave three cheers for Captain Dashwater, as many for Mrs. Dashwater, and one for blue-eyed Sally the maid, bade good-night, and went their way merrily home by moonlight, with hats and hands full of flowers, and hearts overflowing with glee.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN DASHWATER, having indulged his professional and national enthusiasm, next proceeded to devote his energy and industry to more utilitarian purposes. With the assistance of Carpenter Jack, he constructed a cow-house, a pair of pigstyes, half-a-dozen hen and chicken coops of various forms

and sizes, and a floating duck-house in the fashion of a Noah's Ark. This he launched on the bosom of the pond, having first fastened a rope to it, by which he might draw it to shore at will and examine the state of the nests, which he had made with his own hands, in order, as he said, to encourage the ducks to increase and multiply.

Unfortunately, the ducks perversely preferred constructing their nests, according to their own instincts, among the rushes or the roots of the trees on the margin of the pond, and rarely entered their floating ark except for the purpose of devouring the frogs, newts, and other amphibious creatures which made it their head-quarters. The crowning effort of Captain Dashwater's ingenuity, aided by the practical skill of Carpenter Jack—the conversion of the superannuated bathing-machine into a three-decked ambulating poultry-house—was not a whit more to the tastes of the tenants for whose benefit it was designed. Nothing could induce the goose to enter the berth provided for its accommodation, unless carried thither *vi et armis*. Captain Dashwater made a point of doing this every night, in spite of the kicking and screaming of the refractory object of his kindness.

"Goosey" had a will of its own, and evidently suspected Captain Dashwater's intentions were of a murderous nature. She always endeavoured to circumvent him by swimming into the middle of the pond at his approach, and there remained, alike regardless of his admonitory shouts of "Aho, goose! Goosey, aho! Why don't you come home to your house, you vile jade?" and his cunning allurements of holding up a basket of oats, and rattling it to tempt her; while, if blue-eyed Sally appeared on the opposite bank, crying, "C'up (come up), my dear! C'up, my love, c'up!" the goose would sail over to her in the twinkling of an eye, and nestle itself, fluttering with delight, at the maiden's feet.

Carpenter Jack declared this was a proof of goosey's good taste and discrimination, and vowed that, if blue-eyed

Sally would only call him by such pretty names, he would "follow her from Peru to Archangel—ay, all the world over!" Sally, however, coquettishly exhorted him not to talk any of his deceitful nonsense to her, for she had lived in a farmhouse, and knew how to behave to geese, so as to make them obey and treat her with proper respect."

The brood goose, after all, turned out to be a gander, and the only consolation Captain Dashwater had was in killing, and making it into a sea-pie with his own hands; but neither Mrs. Dashwater nor blue-eyed Sally could be persuaded to partake of it.

The hens could not be induced to roost in their storey of the travelling poultry-house, and disappeared mysteriously—seduced, as he suspected, into Woodfield Forest by those gay strutting villains, the cock pheasants—and all his pigeons flew away.

The worst of it was, he received no sympathy from Mrs. Dashwater, who attributed all these disasters to his want of judgment, and fretted and scolded instead of laughing at them.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN DASHWATER was very dull after the departure of Carpenter Jack and the failure of his poultry experiments; complained that he had nothing to think of and nothing to do, a state of things by no means to the taste of the energetic old seaman; so, for want of other amusement, he took to gardening, greatly to the discomfiture of his wife. He knew nothing about it, and, instead of purchasing the requisite tools, he sacrilegiously converted any of her household gods, that appeared to him likely to answer the purpose, into substitutes for the homely implements required for carrying on his horticultural pursuits.

One day he surreptitiously abstracted her meat-saw to amputate a dead limb from an apple-tree, unluckily snapped it in two, and flung both pieces into the pond to conceal the trespass. On another occasion he took her new scis-

sors to trim the box borders, and, being called away in haste, left his job unfinished, and the scissors sticking upright in the little hedge, as he called it, where they were at last discovered by the indignant owner utterly spoiled. But his most unforgivable offence was carrying off the new highly-polished steel shovel from the drawing-room to dig up some new potatoes for supper, and leaving it out of doors all night in the rain to rust unheeded; which outrage was the cause of raising such a domestic storm, that he was fain to rush off to Yarmouth to buy another to replace it, and at the same time to purchase the smartest shawl he could find, as a peace-offering for his justly offended spouse.

In defiance of all conjugal rebukes and discouragements, Captain Dashwater persisted in his horticultural labours, to the infinite amusement of his neighbours—especially my father, who greatly enjoyed what he called spinning a yarn with the droll veteran seaman, and drawing him out.

One day we called to bring him a present of flower-seeds, and found him in his garden busily engaged in constructing a new bower, which he was hollowing out of the thickest part of his tall privet hedge. He had thrown off his blue jacket and sable cap, and was working in his shirt-sleeves, bare-headed, with the noonday sunbeams pouring down on his picturesque white hair, which waved back from his temples in crisp glistening flakes.

He had been a remarkably smart, handsome man in his day, and truly, for his time of life, was so still. His manly countenance was flushed with exercise and bespoke indomitable determination as he slashed and dashed into the arch he was fashioning, with no meaner weapon than a naval dress-sword, the handsomest I ever saw, the green ivory handle of which was exquisitely mounted in a magnificent filigree pattern of frosted and burnished cut silver, flashing, as he waved it backwards and forwards, like clusters of diamonds. Unconscious of our ap-

proach, he was tuning his energetic strokes to the measure of Campbell's exquisite national lyric, the "Battle of the Baltic." We paused to look at the man, and to listen to the deep thrilling cadences of his rich, full voice, as he sang of the unforgotten contest:—

"When to battle came forth,
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

"Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew,
On the lofty British line.
As they drifted on their path,
Where was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time."

A vigorous cutting and slashing into the breach old Dashwater had broken in the closely interlaced network of green and snowy blossoms followed; the boughs, leaves, and flowers fell thickly round him, and bestrewed the ground at his feet at every descent of the sword. We advanced a few steps, but his back was to us, and his thoughts apparently far away; as, pausing for a moment from his work of destruction, he lowered his warlike blade, and, with deep and pathetic feeling, concluded—

"Let us think of them who sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!"

"Bravo, Dashwater!" cried my father, clapping him on the shoulder. "How well that song suits your voice! And you sing it with as much spirit and feeling as if you had been one of the heroes of that hard-fought day."

"Ay!" exclaimed Dashwater, turning about with flashing eyes; "Didn't you know I was there?"

"You at the memorable Battle of Copenhagen, Mr. Dashwater?" echoed my father, in surprise. "May I ask in what capacity you served on that occasion?"

"As one of the mariners of England, who had the honour of contributing, in a humble degree, to the victory," replied

he, raising the sword he grasped above his head, and giving a sweeping slash among the privet branches.

"Hallo!" cried my father, "you will spoil that magnificent sword if you make such an unworthy use of it. A bill-hook would answer your purpose far better."

"I have not got such a thing," replied Dashwater, with some *naïveté*. "I wanted to borrow the carving-knife of Mrs. D., but she wouldn't trust me with it; so, as I was in a hurry to make the bower, and this was hanging up in my bedroom quite useless, I thought it would do a great deal more execution than the carving-knife, and I shouldn't get into any disgrace about it, seeing that it was my own property before ever she was born—given to me, by Nelson, after the Battle of Copenhagen."

"Given to you by Nelson!" we both exclaimed.

"Ay, with his own hand. It was the very sword he wore himself on that glorious Second of April, 1801, when he thrashed the Danes in sight of their own metropolis, and taught them a lesson they will never forget. The fellows fought well, though, and it was a tight business for us coming to such close fire in those confounded narrow seas among the rocks and shoals."

"Tell us how you obtained so great a distinction as the gift of Nelson's Sword?" we asked.

"Sit ye down then in my alcove, out of the glare of the sun, and I'll spin ye as short a yarn of it as I can," replied Dashwater with a good-humoured smile. "Only it will be necessary for me to begin at the beginning by telling you something about myself, or you won't understand how I came to be in the Battle of Copenhagen. My father was a Yarmouth skipper in the Baltic trade, and he made a good mariner of me by taking me early to sea with him, so that I got to know all the ins and outs of the Sound and the Belt, and I could now draw a chart from memory of all the rocks and shoals one has to be aware of in that dangerous navigation. I was studying to fit myself

for a king's pilot, but my father was for my entering the king's service as a master's mate. Well it was in the heat of the war, and old Billy Douglas, our port admiral, stood my friend and got me an appointment on board that tight little frigate the *Defiance*, Captain Darrell, where I saw a little service, and got further experience in the navigation of the North Seas and the Baltic. At last I got a shove up, and was promoted to be the master of the gunbrig ———, through the interest of that same noble gentleman—God rest his soul, for he always stood my friend!

"I was then married to my first wife, the best good dear in the world, and the prettiest girl in all Yarmouth; but I don't boast of her beauty, though it is a great set-out to a man to have a pretty wife, specially if she is, like my Peggy, a virtuous and kindly one. Just before I got my appointment to the ———, she had brought me a brace of fine twin babbies, both of them boys, the biggest beauties you ever saw, with pipes as loud as a pair of boatswains; and it seemed hard to leave them and their mother; and so Peggy said, and tried to persuade me to give up my appointment and enter the merchant service. But I was forced to brace up my mind against all that, for the honour of my native town and the glory of Old England. I knew the ——— was under sailing orders as part of Sir Hyde Parker's secret expedition, and I guessed pretty well where she was bound, and that we were going to have a brush with the Danes, and mayhap the Russ, and that we should have hot work. I pacified my wife as well as I could by promising that, if I came safe back into the port of Yarmouth again, I would leave the king's service for her sake; so we shook hands upon it and parted.

"My commander had been married about a fortnight when we sailed, and did not like to leave his bride. She told him she had dreamed that he was killed with a cannon-ball on his own deck; and that, I suppose, made him faint-hearted at the forcing of the passage of the Sound,

where we had to take up our station off Cronenburgh Castle, to cover the fleet from the fire of the Danish batteries, when it passed, for the first time, without vailing topsails to the flag of Denmark. The next day, five minutes after ten A.M., the battle began to which that of the Nile and all others in which Nelson had been engaged were but as child's play.

"The Danes fought in their own seas, and among their own rocks and shelves, and knew what they were about. They had removed all their buoys and marks whereby the shoals and sunken rocks were signified, and our pilots were, for the most part, bewildered.

"When the signal was given for our gunbrig to lead the squadron of gunbrigs into the action, our captain 'was taken ill,' he said, and skulked in his berth below, for fear his wife's dream should be brought to pass. The command of the vessel, of course, devolved on me, and my experience of the navigation of the difficult channel through which we had to pass enabled us to dash gallantly through into the thick of the fight.

"It is of no use describing what we did in seafaring lingo, which you would not comprehend; nor am I the man to sound my own trumpet. It will be enough to say that, Nelson's quick eye having been attracted by our gunbrig and the services it was her goodhap to perform in the engagement, he asked her commander's name; and on being told the captain was sick, and Jack Dashwater, the master, commanded on that occasion, bade his secretary book the circumstance for inquiry.' Well, sir, after the victory was won, the armistice with the Prince of Denmark signed, and the wounded cared for, the slain disposed of as might best be permitted, and the stains of battle removed from our decks, Nelson invited the commanders of all the vessels, great and small, that had been engaged in conflict to dine with him on board his own ship, the *St. George*. My captain being well recovered then, and highly pleased at the idea of dining with the admiral, rigged himself

out in his dress-coat—which still retained its first gloss, for neither the shade of gunpowder nor the spray of blood had touched it—and entered with the rest.

"'Who are you, sir?' asked Nelson, sharply.

"'I am Lieutenant ———, the commander of the ——— gunbrig, my lord,' answered he.

"'Where were you during the engagement?' demanded Nelson.

"'I—I was sick, Admiral, and unable to leave my berth,' faltered he.

"'So I have heard, sir,' said Nelson, sternly, 'and am surprised that, after skulking in the time of danger, you find yourself strong enough to present yourself before me, among these gallant officers who have so nobly performed their duty, and entitled themselves to my thanks and the grateful remembrance of their country, by the share they have had in winning the Battle of Copenhagen. Send Mr. Dashwater, the master of the ——— who performed your duty on that occasion. It is he who is entitled to the place reserved for the commander of the ——— and you, sir, may withdraw.'

"When I entered, you may believe I was made a proud and happy man, for Nelson welcomed me as if I had been a brother; said he was proud to shake hands with me; expressed his approbation of my conduct and services in the action in terms too gratifying for me to repeat, and told the company 'that I was a Norfolk man as well as himself, and had given the Danes more dumplings without any gravy, on the glorious Second of April, than they could well digest.'

"When he had made an end of all these pleasant sayings, he called on his old servant Allen to unbuckle his sword from his side; for, having lost his good right hand and arm, he could not do it himself, you see. Then he took both sword and belt in his left hand, and presented them to me, in token, he said, of his approbation of my conduct at the Battle of Copenhagen."

"And is this the care you take of such honourable testimonials of your

valour, precious relics as they are, too, of our greatest naval hero?" exclaimed I, unable to repress my indignant feelings at seeing the blade of Nelson's Sword gapped and half-covered with privet leaves and flowers, and its richly-chased scabbard suspended, by the admiral's regulation-belt, from the arm of an apple-tree opposite.

Old Dashwater laughed heartily, and replied: "The wars are all over you know, miss, and we are told in Scripture that we are to beat our spears into pruninghooks and our swords into ploughshares, in the thousand years of peace that are now begun; so I have not been so far out of the way in the use I am making of mine."

"Sir, it is a relic of Nelson, and ought to be valued as such, and treated with proper respect," said my father.

The old seaman carefully wiped the blade of the sword on his blue jacket, and, after polishing it with his leather glove, consigned it to the scabbard, and, throwing the belt round his neck, professed his intention of not misusing it for the time to come.

My father asked him, "why he did not continue in the navy after having won the proud distinction of Nelson's praises, and the gift of his sword."

"Because," said he, "I had promised my wife to quit that service if I came home safe from the expedition to Copenhagen, and I could not break my word. Glad enough my Peggy was to see me return in a whole skin. I gave my boys a jolly christening, and named one Nelson and the other Parker, after the two gallant admirals under whose command we had thrashed the Danes."

"Did you bring your boys up for the navy?" asked I.

"That was my intention," he replied, "but it was not to be. My two young admirals, as I called them, both lie in the old churchyard at Yarmouth, and their dear mother with them. The boys both caught the scarlet-fever and died, and it was the breaking of her heart to lose them, for she never looked up again. I always try to forget grief and kill care by finding something to do; so I got

the command of the Heligoland Packet. She was none of your newfangled chimney-boats, but a dashing little sailing vessel, that spread her canvas to the breeze, and skimmed over the water like a white-winged butterfly. I sailed in her till I married the present Mrs. Dashwater. I had another wife, though, between my pretty Peggy and her—a very good woman, and with a good lining to her pocket too, and plenty of chairs and tables, and silver spoons; for she was a rich widow what took a fancy to me, and we lived very comfortably together, considering that she was sixteen years older than me—so, in course, she died first. Now I have got a Mrs. D. young enough to be my granddaughter, and, when an old fellow like me is fool enough to marry contrary to the table of forbidden degrees in the Prayer Book, he must expect to be snubbed now and then by his wife."

"The table of forbidden degrees only relates to improper nearness of consanguinity," observed my father, smiling.

"Begging your pardon, sir, it has a twofold meaning," rejoined Captain Dashwater; "for, whereas it says a man may not marry his granddaughter, nor a woman her grandfather—to which sins, I think, there could be small temptation—it also signifies that good Christians ought not to be unequally yoked in wedlock with spouses of unsuitable ages, seeing they belong to a different generation, and never could be intended for each other. Now, my sweet Peggy was born in the same year with me, and I do believe our marriage was made in heaven. I have left it in my will, that, when I die, I am to be carted off to Yarmouth and laid by her side in the old churchyard, that we may both rise together when all hands are piped up at the last day.

"My second wife I laid between her first husband and her second, where she had provided a snug berth for herself. As for my present Mrs. D., she will be sure to marry again; so she may be buried by her next husband or husbands, according to her own pleasure, if so be

the survivor will be civil enough to let her have her choice of anchorage."

At the conclusion of this conversation, old Dashwater led us into his drawing-room, that we might see him hang up Nelson's Sword between the two windows over a pier-table, on which reposed his compass, his sextant, a silver tobacco-box, a huge Dutch pipe, a pair of pistols, and a telescope: "All mine own private property," he observed, "with which Mrs. D. has no sort of concern, and had better let them alone." And so Mrs. D. did till he was summoned to London as a witness in some mercantile trial; and, as he refused to take her with him, she consoled herself by having the drawing-room papered and painted in his absence, and removed all his treasures, Nelson's Sword among them, into the north bedroom, to be out of the way of the workmen.

Several years afterwards I had been spending a quiet evening with Mrs. Dashwater's sister, the widow of a brave naval officer to whom they gave a home, and she took me into the north room to look at Gainsborough's sketches on the panels. There I recognised Nelson's Sword in the fireplace, leaning against the hob of the rusty neglected stove, in company with a vile poker and viler tongs, broken candlesticks, and other lumber that had been thrown there to be out of the way. The richly-cut silver-work that decorated the hilt of Nelson's Sword flashed brightly from among this dingy collection of rubbish, as the rays of our solitary candle gleamed upon it through the darkness of the deserted room; but the good blade, which had been left partially drawn, was covered with corrosive spots, and was for ever fastened to the scabbard from the effects of damp and rust. It was impossible to behold without a sigh the state to which so interesting a relic of our greatest of naval heroes had been reduced by the neglect and ignorance of those into

whose hands it had fallen. It has probably been sold for the value of old metal.

The unrecorded anecdote of Nelson with which it was associated deserves to be rescued from oblivion, as an historic fact which has escaped the attention of his biographers. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since I heard it from the lips of the brave but illiterate seaman whom the victor of Copenhagen, in guerdoning with his own sword, had probably rendered an object of envy to the proudest officers in the fleet.

Unfortunately, the recipient of that gift lacked the better part of valour, chivalry, and the sensibility to glorious recollections and associations, which should have taught him to regard such a testimonial as the most precious of his possessions, to treasure with especial care as long as he lived, and bequeath it is an heirloom to his family, or, better still, to his native town, to be enshrined as a memorial that would connect his name with Nelson and the Victory of Copenhagen.

Our old neighbour, whose real name I have veiled under that of Dashwater, possessed the instinctive courage of a lion or a bulldog, and not a whit more sentiment. He was a brave man and a skilful navigator, but devoid of the ennobling feelings which make the principal distinction between the gladiator and the hero, the gentleman and the boor.

I cannot conclude this paper without citing the touching incident of Nelson's care of the sword of his uncle, Captain Suckling, which, after the death of that revered kinsman, he generally wore. On the occasion of the only repulse he ever suffered, the ineffectual attack on Santa Cruz, when his arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, as it dropped from his unnerved right hand, he made an impulsive attempt to preserve it by catching it in his left while in the act of falling.

THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS: A STORY OF THE COVENANT IN 1685.

BY THE REV. PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

THE year 1685 was a "killing year" in the famous tragedy of the Scottish Covenant. Oppression in the rulers and fanaticism in the people had bred their natural consequences—exasperation on both sides. The Restoration Government in Scotland had for twenty-four years maintained, through various changes, a capricious and irritating tyranny. All, except a few historical fanatics, are now ready to admit this. Even some who may admire Archbishop Sharpe, and venerate him as a martyr, no longer venture to justify the policy which he inspired and guided; and the defenders of the "gallant Claverhouse" are, for the most part, content to vindicate their hero at the expense of the authority of which he made himself the instrument. Those, wiser and more catholic-minded, who prefer the principles and character of Leighton, share his disgust at the conduct which first alienated him, and then drove him from the country. The people, on the other hand, claim our sympathy, while they repel our liking; their sufferings touch us, but neither their doctrines nor their actions favourably interest us. The spectacle is not, as it has been sometimes pictured, that of bleeding patriotism on one side, and relentless domination on the other; there are parts of it that may answer to such a view; but more truly, as we study its deeper shades and involved meaning, it is that of two fierce and intolerant dogmatisms waging a deadly if unequal conflict.

The struggle had passed through various phases, assuming a more im- placable character as the principles on each side got sharpened into a harsher tenacity, and as the chief actors respectively grew more lawless and fanatical, more accustomed the one to their work of sanguinary persecution, and the other to an attitude of stern resistance. What

had at first been a religious difference, became gradually a civil war. Cameron and Renwick contended no longer merely for liberty of Presbyterian worship, but for the overthrow of the Stewart monarchy. The "Societies" on the one hand, and the "dragoons," on the other, gave and took no quarter. The former became every year more resolved in fanatical hatred, and in purposes of gloomy vengeance. The latter tightened their hold on their victims as they became more obstinate and unyielding.

Historical scepticism may do a good deal, and researches in the "Council Registers," or among family papers, may shed here and there a more intelligible and less revolting light on some of the dark scenes of that "killing" time in the west and south of Scotland; but it can scarcely alter the general character of the struggle, the fierce exasperation of which is stamped in immemorial traces on every moorland tract and sequestered hiding-place in Galloway and Ayrshire. And simple honesty compels us to say, with no wish to exaggerate the cruelties practised by the Government, that the balance of horrors is certainly on its side. The Covenanters were cruel, too, on occasion. Suffering, as Macaulay says—and we use his words deliberately—had "goaded them into madness." Their banner at the battle of Bothwell Brig bore, in blood-red letters, "No quarter for the active enemies of the Covenant;" and this, too, below the blessed words, "For Christ and His Truths." They assailed in his solitary manse the curate of Carsphairn, and shot him dead on his own thresh-old.¹ But withal, their cruelties were neither so numerous and flagrant, nor so wanton and insolent, as those of the agents of the Government. They were

¹ Wodrow, vol. iv. p. 196. Burn's ed.

the occasional excesses of men driven to desperation, utterly unjustifiable, and, as in the cases of the curate of Carsphairn and the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, cowardly as well as brutal. But the excesses of the Government, or of its agents, were systematic, and cold-blooded to a degree that stirs one with detestation after the lapse of nearly two centuries. Parties of soldiers hunted poor wretches for days over wild moorland tracts, their only crime being that they would not attend the Episcopal service, and, when they startled them from their lair in the dank heather, and surrounded them, famished and often half-maniacal with their long privations, shot them down remorselessly without giving them time even to murmur a prayer.

As the tourist still traverses the wilds of these upland districts, he comes upon the cairn, or it may be the more modern monument, that tells of these cold-blooded and useless murders, not here and there merely, but thickly planted. It is impossible to repress the indignation such spots excite, even if we were indifferent to the cause for which these men suffered. It is very fine, no doubt, to call these murders "military executions," and to excuse them under shelter of the authority which for the time legalised them; but it is this very feature of a quasi-legal character—the fact that these numerous acts of outrage were not the outbreak of maddened fanaticism, nor even of savage ferocity, but parts of a deliberate system, that makes them so revolting, and kindles such deep feeling. And in this, also, is the only vindication of the Covenanters. What was a people *governed* in such a manner to do? What remained for them but to take up arms in their own defence, and to the systematic butcheries of a hardened and profligate Government, respond by lawless reprisal and vengeance? Better if they had not done so; but even such excesses as the "no quarter" at Bothwell Brig, and the bloody tragedy on Magus Mair, become intelligible in the light of such wanton and pitiless bloodshedding as charac-

terised the Restoration Government in Scotland.

The discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683, and the wide-spread excitement in anticipation of the invasion of Argyle from Holland, gave a fiercer impulse to the persecutions in Scotland. The Cameronian "Societies" met the renewed violence of the Government by their famous *Apologetical Declaration*, which they posted up at the market crosses, and the doors of the parish churches throughout Nithsdale, Ayr, Lanark, and Galloway. In this remarkable document they rejected all terms with the Government, repeating their adherence to former declarations, in which they had "disowned the "authority of Charles Stewart, and all "authority depending upon him;" and further declaring that all who "stretched out their hands against them" should be treated as enemies to God, and the covenanted work of reformation, and *punished as such*; but at the same time utterly repudiating the principle imputed to them of killing all who differed from them; "that hellish principle," they call it. The document, in short, which may be read in Wodrow,¹ is neither more nor less than a declaration of war *à l'outrance* against the Government and its abettors. It was no sooner published than it naturally excited the alarm and vengeance of the authorities. An opposing declaration, or *oath of abjuration*, was framed as a test of those who were suspected to belong to the "Societies," and to be enemies of Government.

It was connected with these declarations that the struggle assumed its fiercest character; the one inviting, as it unquestionably did, the more determined members of the "Societies" to avenge their wrongs upon prominent agents of the Government, an invitation which in one instance, at least—the murder of Kennoway and Stewart, two life-guardsmen who had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious by their oppressions in the parish of Livingstone—did not fail of effect; and the other

¹ Vol. iv. p. 148.

retaliating by putting a deadly weapon into the hands of the unscrupulous soldiery. The oath of abjuration was to be administered to all, and any person refusing to take it was to "be immediately killed before two witnesses, "whether they have arms or not," (Council Register, quoted by Wodrow, vol. iv. p. 155). At the same time a Royal Commission was appointed to visit "the southern and western shires," with forces at their command: "half of the troop of His Majesty's life-guard, "four troops of Claverhouse's regiment "of horse, with which they were to "pursue, take, and apprehend, and kill "the rebels and their abettors."

It is in the end of 1684 that the Royal Council is busy with all this preparatory apparatus of testing and "killing;" and in the March following a special commission of justiciary was issued for Wigtownshire, for the trial of crimes against the State. This Commission had at its head Colonel James Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, the Prime Minister for Scotland, and included along with certain other names belonging to the district, those of Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, and David Graham, brother of Claverhouse and Sheriff of Galloway. The instructions under which this special Commission acted, were of a more moderate character than those issued by the Privy Council in November of the former year. To do the Government justice, the martial law, or rather lawlessness, then proclaimed, did not long receive sanction. In place of the instructions then passed, the following appears to have been substituted in the records of the Privy Council, although to what extent they were substituted practically must remain a question. "If "any person own the principles (of the "Apologetical Declaration), or do not "disown them, they must be judged "at least by three. And you must "immediately give them a libel, and "the names of the inquest and witnesses; "and they being found guilty, are to be "hanged immediately on the place, "according to law. But at this time

"you are not to examine any women, "but such as have been active in the said "courses in a signal manner, and those "are to be drowned."

The Commission under these instructions met at Wigtown, the 18th day of April, 1685, and there it is to be presumed, after due inquest and citation of witnesses, condemned to death Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson "for "not disowning that traitorous Apologetical Declaration lately affixed at "several parish churches within this "kingdom, and refusing the oath of "abjuration of the same." The fact that these women were drowned in fulfilment of this sentence is universally believed throughout Galloway, we may say throughout Scotland. A memorial in the churchyard of Wigtown, as old as 1714, commemorates the drowned "martyrs." The antiquity of this memorial does not admit of question. Even if the stone should have been renewed, there was evidently a memorial of some standing in 1714. For the *Cloud of Witnesses* published in that year gives an epitaph taken from a stone said to be "on the body of Margaret "Wilson, who was drowned in the "water of the Blednock, upon the 11th "of May, 1684 (5), by the Laird of "Lagg." (The mere mistake in the date is of no consequence to any impartial inquirer.) The facts of the martyrdom are stated at length in the Kirk Session Records of the Parish of Penninghame, which bear the date of 1711. The story, chiefly based on these records, is told with a rude but touching picturesqueness by Wodrow, whose history was published in 1722, and by many others after him, especially by Lord Macaulay in our own day in one of the most graphic and impressive passages of his "History of England."

Briefly the story in its full development is as follows:—Margaret Wilson, the younger of the two women, was the daughter of a man, Gilbert Wilson, in good circumstances, having "a great "stock upon a good ground, and therefore the fitter prey for the persecutors." He was himself "conform

to Episcopacy," and his wife as well; but their children would "by no means conform or hear the Episcopal incumbent." The result was that the children were driven from their home to seek hiding from their persecution. They fled to the "hills, bogs, and caves," and their father was subjected to fines and harassed by "frequent quarterings of the soldiers," on account of his children's irregularities. At length two of the children fell into the hands of the persecutors—two daughters, Margaret and Agnes—the former eighteen, the latter only thirteen years of age, and both, it is alleged, in the current tradition of the story, were condemned to death, although the younger one was spared at the intercession of her father. Margaret Lauchlison or McLauchlison, again, was a widow of sixty years of age, "a countrywoman of more than ordinary knowledge, discretion, and prudence," and for many years of singular piety "and devotion," who was seized at family worship in her own house, because she would "take none of the oaths pressed upon women as well as men." The women were condemned together, and sentenced to be "tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark in the waters" of Blednock, near Wigtown, where the "sea flows at high water, there to be drowned." Many entreaties were used with Margaret Wilson, the younger, to get her to take the oath of abjuration, but without effect. "She stood fast in her integrity, and would not be shaken." She vindicated her refusing to take the oath by argument "far above one of her years and education."

On the 11th of May the women were brought from Wigtown, "with a numerous crowd of spectators," to the place of execution. Major Winram, one of the most active of the dragoon officers of the district, escorted them with some soldiers. The stake to which the old woman was attached was placed more within the flood-mark, that the sight of her drowning might, if possible, terrify the younger one into submission. But she remained firm to the last. When she saw her aged companion struggling amidst

the advancing waters, she merely said, "Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us, for He sends none a warfare upon their own charges." As her own end approached, she sang a psalm ("the twenty-fifth psalm, from verse 7 downwards a good way"), and engaged in prayer; and, as she prayed, the water covered her. Ere life had yet left her, however, she was raised out of the water, and asked, by Major Winram's orders, whether she would pray for the king. She answered, "she wished the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none." One, deeply moved, solicited her, "Dear Margaret, say, God save the king." "God save him if He will, for it is his salvation I desire," was her reply. Her relations thought to save her when she had said so much; but on Winram putting to her the oath of abjuration, she once more refused, and said, "I will not. I am one of Christ's children—let me go." Thereupon she was thrust back into the waters which finally closed over her.

Such is the well-known Wigtown martyrology. Like many other martyrologies, it has evidently been surrounded with a considerable amount of fictitious embellishment. It is not likely that the martyr-scene was so entirely edifying as represented in the pages of Wodrow. The picturesque adjuncts surrounding the young sufferer—the "maiden of eighteen"—are plainly touched by the imaginative pathos that grows naturally out of any such time of Christian suffering and persecution. Every one who knows anything of martyrologies, knows how inevitably they gather to themselves such picturesque touches; and especially such pieces of edifying discourse as the sayings attributed to Margaret Wilson. There is not a martyrology in the early Church—to take the purest examples—that does not present something of the same phenomena. Who believes that the martyrdom of Polycarp, or of the Lyonnese martyrs, or of the Carthaginian maiden Perpetua, happened exactly as they have been depicted to us by Church tradition?

All who study these beautiful old stories with any critical eye, are forced at once to allow the admixture of picturesque and edifying matter they contain. It is the rule of this sort of literature to become impregnated in its descent by the imaginative fertility of the consciousness of the time, and, still more, of the immediately succeeding time, which learns to look back with a reverent wonder and love to the tragic events which made heroic the former days. The Wigtown martyrology is certainly no exception to this rule. Wodrow's stories everywhere bear the stamp of this imaginative development.

But are Wodrow and his authorities therefore *liars*; and the Wigtown martyrology a mere imposture from beginning to end—a "calumnious fable," as it has been politely termed? Were the two women never at all drowned at Wigtown? And Wodrow and Macaulay after him, and the Kirk Session Records of Penninghame, and the old stone in the graveyard of Wigtown parish church, are they all pure romances—some of them much worse than this? This is the question that has been opened by an ingenious note in the Appendix to the "Memoirs of Dundee," by Mr. Mark Napier; the concluding volumes of which have just been published. We call the note ingenious because it really is so, notwithstanding the spirit which animates it, as well as the "Memoirs" throughout; a spirit which we can scarcely trust ourselves to criticize, so absolutely is it beneath, not to say the dignity of history, but the courtesies of any species of literature whatever. Poor Wodrow! one learns to respect him with all his gossip and narrowmindedness, when we turn to his pages from such delirious abuse as disfigures these "Memoirs of Dundee."¹

¹ "That superficial fanatic"—"this vulgar glutton of coarse and canting gossip"—"foul-mouthed"—"feculent"—"a low-minded Scotch dominie"—"an idiot"—"the incoherence of a fool and the disingenuousness of a knave"—such are some, a very few, of the choice epithets which Mr. Napier, gentleman and advocate, hurls at the head of the Covenanting historian.

Let us look, for a moment, at the evidence on which we are asked to discredit, as pure fiction, the old story of the Wigtown Martyrdom. And, first of all, let it be noticed that there has been no "discovery," notwithstanding the noise made by Mr. Napier and some of his critics. The document which has been published by Mr. Napier was perfectly well known to Wodrow; he expressly refers to it as having been found by himself in the Council Register. "It is of importance to observe," he says, "that in the Council-Registers, since I wrote what is above, I find what follows: 'April last, Margaret Wilson and Margaret McLauchlison under sentence of death, pronounced by the Justices, are condemned till ; and the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council recommend it to the Secretaries to procure their remission.' "The day to which they are reprieved," he adds, "is blank in the records; but, 'I may safely suppose, it would be for a longer day than the 11th of May, there being scarcely time betwixt the 30th of April and that, to get a return from the Secretaries. Indeed, at this time, a recommendation from the Council, for a remission, was looked on as a material pardon. If matters stand thus the people at Wigtown are deeply guilty, and had no powers for what they did.' "

Such is the frank acknowledgment by Wodrow in the face of the very document emblazoned and *fac-similed* by Mr. Napier. Wodrow's quotation is substantially the same as that given by the latter in his Appendix, although the quotation is not, as it does not pretend to be, *verbatim*. The only omission is, that the original document bears, that it is the *magistrates of Edinburgh* who are discharged "for putting of the sentence to execution" against the women; but, however important this statement may be, there is no evidence whatever that Wodrow omitted it with any design. He simply failed to see the significance of it, or more probably, passed it over altogether.

In addition to the document granting a reprieve to the women, Mr. Napier has printed at length a petition from the elder woman—"The Humble Supplication of Margaret Lauchlison, now *"Prisoner in the Tolbooth of Wigtown,"* praying for a remission of her sentence, and professing her readiness to take the oath of abjuration, if administered to her. This document is of importance as completing the view of the case, but it cannot be said to furnish any additional evidence against the fact of the martyrdom. It strengthens the difficulty presented by the reprieve known to Wodrow and admitted by him, but it does not do more.

These are the documents, which, combined with certain negative evidence, appear to Mr. Napier and others to prove satisfactorily and triumphantly that the story of the Wigtown Martyrs is a mere "dreadful lie," calumniously invented by the professed Saints of the Covenant—one of the issues of the, "universal raking of the common sewers of fanaticism" (the language is Mr. Napier's), that followed the Revolution. The negative evidence is the statement in a pamphlet by Sir George Mackenzie, who was Lord Advocate under the Restoration Government, and published in 1691 a "Vindication" of that Government against "Misrepresentations made in several Scandalous Pamphlets." In this publication Sir George asserts that there were "*indeed two women,*" and "*but two,*" executed in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and that these women were put to death for harbouring, "resetting and entertaining" the murderers of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's. Further, the "Chronological Notes" from 1680 to 1701 of the well-known Whig lawyer, Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall, contain no mention of any such event as the alleged drowning at Wigtown. He records but one occasion of the execution of females for crime against the State—the hanging at Edinburgh, namely, on the 26th of January, 1681, of "two women of ordinary rank for uttering treasonable words, &c., the one

called (Janet) Alison, a Perth woman, and the other, Harvie, from Borrowstownness." These women were confessedly put to death, "two crazy termagants," as Mr. Napier calls them—but none others. It is, according to him, the same occasion to which Sir George and Fountainhall refer; and, whilst their combined testimony puts the hanging of these two women out of question, their united silence as to the pretended event at Wigtown is equally conclusive that such an event never happened! So argues Mr. Napier, with an ingenuity of logic demanded by the occasion.

So far as we are aware, we have presented in full all that can claim to be in any sense evidence against the alleged martyrdom at Wigtown. We should rejoice no less than Mr. Napier, although under somewhat different impulses, if we could think this evidence conclusive. We are quite prepared to admit that it raises difficulties. The question is a fair one for examination—"Were these women really drowned or not?" To this question, viewed without prejudice or passion, and with no other aim than to find the truth,¹ no one, not even the stoutest Covenanter—if any such survive—is entitled to object. History can only be benefited by the most thorough sifting of any such tale. As a mere historical problem, the issue is both interesting and significant.

Upon the whole, and in the face of the difficulties which the story presents, we incline to believe it, and will shortly state the grounds of our faith. It is clear that the only alternative is between the truth of the story and the lying invention of it. Its embellishments, as told by Wodrow, are natural developments—supposing a basis of fact granted—but the natural imaginative process which sufficiently accounts for these embellishments could never create the fact, supposing it to be absolutely without foundation. If we admit the women to have

¹ This aim is pretty well preserved in the interesting pamphlet on the subject published by Mr. Joseph Irving, author of the *History of Dumbartonshire*.

been drowned, we can understand how the Covenanting imagination pictured in lively and affecting colours, beyond the reality, the martyr scene. But we cannot thus indulgently view the invention of the whole affair. This would truly deserve a very different name. Now there are to our minds, at least, two cogent reasons against the idea of a calumnious invention of the story:—

1st. There is no evidence that the Kirk Session Records of Penninghame and Kirkinner, Wodrow's authorities (we do not need to ascend farther), are wilful fabrications, but every evidence to the contrary. The Records themselves appeal to living witnesses—among others, to a brother (Thomas) of Margaret Wilson—the younger sufferer—who had borne arms “under King William in Flanders and the Castle of Edinburgh,” and who was then, in 1711—only, after all, twenty-six years after the event—still living on the remnants of the paternal acres “in Glenvernoch;” “to certify the truth of these things.” Besides, to those who know anything of the matter, it will seem next to impossible that such documents should have been invented. The Kirk Sessions of Penninghame and Kirkinner were composed of a number of grave and respected men, who, whatever may have been their prejudices, would have shrunk from a falsehood with abhorrence. We are not bound to trust their judgment nor even reverence their faith, but to suppose that these men wilfully imposed upon posterity a fiction (and if the story was a fiction they must have known it) is simply incredible.

2d. But, supposing it were allowed that these Records could be fabrications, they are inadequate to account for the tradition which has lived universally in the hearts of the peasantry in Gallo-way since the commencement of last century. Such a tradition, we make bold to say, could never have been *invented*, and least of all invented by ecclesiastical records or anonymous pamphlets. A Church Court in Scotland may do many things, but it is beyond even the power of a Church Court to create

a popular tradition, diffuse it over a wide district of country, and preserve it alive for nearly two centuries. Admit the fact of the *drowning*, the Kirk Session Records are perfectly intelligible; their edifying exaggerations are only the natural halo which the fact would gather around it. The universality of the tradition and its absurd exaggerations—as to the insatiable thirst of the “town-officer,” for example, who assisted at the execution—are all easily accounted for. But deny the fact of the drowning, and the whole story becomes a marvellous and utterly incredible mass of invention.

It may be said, indeed, that the condemnation of the women—although never put into execution—is a sufficient basis for the story as an imaginative structure. But this hypothesis is quite inadequate to account either for the Kirk Sessions Records or the peculiar character of the tradition. If Mr. Napier's version of the matter be accepted, the women had been removed between the 13th and the 30th of April from the tolbooth of Wigtown to Edinburgh, and there reprieved. If they were so, it passes belief that the popular imagination of a wide district should yet conceive them to have been drowned at Wigtown. No doubt they were “condemned to die;” but neither the reprieve nor the petition of the elder woman—the only two documents which deserve any credit, according to Mr. Napier—*say anything as to the mode of their death or the locality of it*. In the mere sentence of condemnation therefore there was nothing for the imagination on which to hang its tale. The scene in the “waters of the Blednoch”—the primary death of the older woman, the steadfast and heroic sacrifice of the younger—must all have been a deliberate imposture, and this, too, while one of the alleged sufferers probably survived to refute the imposture! or, at least, many of the surviving relations of both women must have known that they had been quietly reprieved in Edinburgh!

As to the negative evidence of Sir G. Mackenzie and Lord Fountainhall, we

cannot attach much importance to either. It was Sir George's interest to make the best case he could for the Government, whose servant he had been. It is perfectly possible that the Wigtown martyrdom may have happened, while he never heard of it. The same remark applies to Lord Fountainhall. The martyrdom was provincial, and not metropolitan, like the execution of the two women to whom he refers, and of whom Sir G. Mackenzie is also supposed to speak. It was not the regular act of the Government (the fact of the reprieve must be allowed so far in exoneration), but a high-handed outrage by its provincial agents. Nothing is more likely than that such an event, happening in a remote part of Scotland, and when the means of communication were tardy beyond our present conception, did not directly reach either of these authorities in Edinburgh. The Massacre of Glencoe is said not to have reached the knowledge of the Government that ordered it till two years subsequent to the event. To hold that an event did not take place in the extremity of Galloway, in the end of the seventeenth century, because a diarist in Edinburgh does not make a note of it, is surely a wide stretch of inference.

But what solution then do the difficulties of the case admit of? If the women were drowned at Wigtown, what is to be made of the reprieve in the Council Register in Edinburgh? To this question we do not pretend to be able to give a satisfactory answer. That *fact* must stand for what it is worth against the tradition, the testimony of the Penninghame Records, and the anonymous pamphlet of 1690. Wedrow's conjecture is probably as good as any other—that the officials at Wigtown, with Major Winram at their head, carried out the sentence, notwithstanding the reprieve. Such an outrage would only have been consistent with the official brutalities

that had made the Restoration Government odious throughout Scotland. But the reprieve may not have been heard of at Wigtown. Is there any evidence that it ever travelled beyond the Privy Council office? It is an obviously incomplete document; the dates are not filled in; it is the "Magistrates of Edinburgh," who, on the 30th of April, are discharged from putting the sentence into execution.—Yet there is not a particle of evidence that the women were removed to Edinburgh; they were, by the evidence of the elder woman's petition, in the "*Tolbooth at Wigtown*," some time after their sentence on the 13th of April. The expression, "Magistrates of Edinburgh," we cannot help thinking, is a clerical error—the mark of a hastily concocted and incomplete document. What could have been the use of dragging the two poor women to Edinburgh, especially as, according to the theory which supposes them transported there, they had both already abjured their crimes and applied for pardon?

We are inclined, therefore, to believe that the tradition rests on a basis of fact, and that the women really suffered at Wigtown. This appears to us the conclusion of an enlightened historical criticism in the view of all the circumstances of the case, and making every allowance for the difficulties it involves. Further light may be required to place this conclusion beyond doubt. But of one thing we feel confident, that arguments and researches such as Mr. Napier's are not likely to settle this or any historical difficulty. His industry may be laudable, as his ingenuity is fertile; but sense, impartiality, and critical sagacity are not only lacking—the writer has no perception of such qualities. The very atmosphere of his volumes is loaded with suspicion. His prejudices and personalities might provoke indignation, if they did not rather excite ridicule.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE, AND PRESENT MODES OF RELIEF.

LET us look at what the distress in the manufacturing districts means, so far as figures can enable us to judge of its nature and extent.

According to the returns of the state of pauperism in the twenty-four or twenty-six unions specially affected by the cotton crisis, which Mr. H. B. Farnall, the special commissioner, presented to the Manchester Central Executive Relief Committee on the 3d of November last, the average pauperism was then 10·8 per cent.—that is, one in every ten of the inhabitants was then in receipt of parochial relief. But, looking more narrowly into these returns, we find that the per-centage of pauperism varies very much, and in some districts is as high as 20 per cent. Here are the per-centages in a few of the more heavily burdened unions over which Mr. Farnall's special supervision at present extends:—Ashton-under-Lyne, 20·7; Preston, 17·8; Blackburn, 17·1; Manchester, 15·6; Stockport, 11·5. These figures reveal an immense amount of poverty and consequent suffering; but they are far from telling the whole truth. The "pauperism"—by which we mean the poverty which appeals to the guardians for relief—is no certain criterion of the "destitution" which prevails in any particular district. The returns of "pauperism" do not even show the proportion in which different parts of the cotton districts are affected by the common calamity. According to the above returns, Ashton-under-Lyne would seem to be in a worse plight than Preston or Blackburn; while Blackburn appears to be rather better off than Preston. But a different result is arrived at when we look at the state of employment in the different towns which form the centres of these unions,

and which contain the great bulk of the population to which these returns of pauperism apply. Here is the state of employment in the towns to which we refer, in the week for which we have given the above pauperism returns:—

Towns.	Usually employed.	Full Time.	Short Time.	Wholly unemployed.
Ashton . . .	12,136	1,145	4,233	6,758
Stalybridge . .	11,521	1,251	5,786	4,484
Dukinfield . .	26,450	1,541	12,181	12,728
Preston . . .	27,424	3,815	10,735	12,874
Blackburn . .	27,273	3,857	6,079	17,337
Manchester . .	48,220	18,050	14,749	15,412

We may leave out of the account, for our present purpose, the number and proportion of "full time" and "short time" workers, and look only at the proportion which the "wholly unemployed" bear to the number "usually employed." We exclude the full-time workers because they are, of course, able to maintain themselves; and we exclude the short-time workers because, if not able to earn what can maintain them in the comfort to which, in better times, they may have been accustomed, they are yet earning sufficient to prevent them becoming claimants on either the board of guardians or the relief committee. How, then, does the proportion which the "wholly unemployed" bear to the "usually employed" in these different towns correspond with the percentage of "pauperism" as given above? To present the result in a clearer light, we place the per-centages of what we will call the "pauperism" in juxtaposition with the "destitution," as indicated by the employment returns:—

Towns.	Destitution.	Unions.	Pauperism.
Ashton . . .	55.68	Average } Ashton . . .	20.7
Stalybridge. 38.92	47.57		
Dukinfield . 48.12			
Preston . . .	46.94	Preston . . .	17.8
Blackburn .	64.08	Blackburn .	17.8
Manchester .	31.96	Manchester .	15.6
Stockport .	51.93	Stockport .	11.5

These per-centages of "destitution" tell a widely different tale from the per-centages of "pauperism." In Ashton Union, for instance, it is sad enough to know that the recipients of parochial relief number one-twentieth of the whole population; but it is still more saddening to know that fifty-five out of every hundred of the bread-winners, commonly known as operatives, in the town of Ashton are now wholly unemployed, and without the means of supporting either themselves or their families by their own industry. In Stalybridge and Dukinfield, in the same parochial union, the destitution is not quite so great; but it will be seen that the average of the three towns, which form the bulk of the union, is 47.57 per cent.; or, in other words, 47½ out of every hundred of the operative population are now wholly unemployed. The condition of Preston is slightly more favourable; but that of Blackburn is very much worse than the average of the towns in the Ashton Union. Indeed, the destitution of Blackburn exceeds by nine per cent. even the very high rate which is shown to exist in the town of Ashton. The relative position of Ashton and Blackburn, as to the amount of poverty and suffering which the crisis has brought to them, is thus completely reversed, and Blackburn is shown to have distanced all competitors, and to stand pre-eminently the severest sufferer by the common calamity. No less than sixty-four out of every hundred of her industrious population are now without the means of subsisting by their own industry. And, if it be borne in mind that nearly two-thirds of the remaining thirty-six per cent. are only short-time workers, we have given the data of a distress which we may safely say is unparalleled.

These discrepancies between the "pauperism" returns and the "destitution" returns of the different parts of the distressed districts are to be accounted for by the labours of the Local Relief Committees, and the other means, public and private, which are in operation for the mitigation of the distress. And in this view, the comparison we have instituted, is valuable. The one column shows the destitution which has to be relieved, and the other the extent to which the parochial rates are made use of for that purpose; while the proportion which the one bears to the other indicates the extent to which voluntary subscriptions and private benevolence have been made available in the different districts. The "pauperism" of Ashton Union is about 3 per cent. greater than that of Blackburn; but, if Blackburn threw on to the parochial rates a proportionate amount of its distress, (taking the average of the destitution in the towns comprised within the Ashton Union, and comparing it with the destitution in Blackburn,) the "pauperism" of Blackburn would be 27.88 per cent., instead of 17.1 per cent. And a similar comparison between Blackburn and Preston shows that, were Blackburn to depend on the poor-rates for the relief of its distress to the same extent as Preston does, its pauperism would be increased to 24.29 per cent. It thus appears that Blackburn, as compared with Ashton, saves the parochial rates to the extent of 10 per cent. by the other means which are in operation for the relief of the distress; and, as compared with Preston, the saving to the rates, in Blackburn, is about 7 per cent.

But let it not on this account be thought that Blackburn, even as regards parochial rates, is not heavily burdened; for burdened it is, almost beyond the capability of its resources. The very figures which show the terrible extent of its destitution indicate the exhaustion of its rate-paying powers; and, having regard to the numbers and wealth of the solvent residuum of the population (after deducting the wholly un-

employed, the short time workers, the impoverished tradesmen, and poor property-owners), the pauperism that has to be borne is proportionately greater than even that of Ashton. Blackburn contains a population of 63,125, and the number of workers, of the class called operatives, is 27,273. In ordinary times these are the bread-winners for a population of nearly 55,000 (assuming that each worker represents also a non-worker), while they indirectly support, by the expenditure of their wages, two or three thousand of the shop-keeping class, and, by the rents they pay for their cottages, two or three hundred small property-owners. At the present time, however, 64·08 per cent. of these bread-winners are wholly without employment, and consequently without the means of supporting themselves or their families by the fruits of their own industry; and their poverty is necessarily the cause of the impoverishment of all who, in ordinary times, profit by their prosperity, or depend for subsistence on the circulation of their wages. Taking each unemployed worker to represent also a non-worker—a helpless infant or superannuated parent—there are in Blackburn, at the present time, 34,674 persons without the means of subsistence, out of a total population of 63,125. In other words, 55 per cent. of the total population are now dependent for their daily bread on public or private charity. Add to this 12,000 short-time workers and their dependents, and the large number of shopkeepers who are just topping on the verge of poverty, and we leave but a very small number indeed of solvent ratepayers to bear the burden of the daily increasing claims on the guardians.

Having thus shown Blackburn to enjoy the unenviable distinction of being burdened with a larger amount of "destitution" than any other town in the distressed districts (although its rate of "pauperism" is not the highest), it may be interesting and profitable to pursue the inquiry further, and consider the means in operation for the mitigation

and relief of so much distress. By looking at the subject within this comparatively narrow compass, a more vivid perception may be gained of what the distress in the cotton manufacturing districts really means.

I. There is the relief given by the Guardians. This has increased during the last twelve months more than ten hundred per cent. In the Blackburn district of the Blackburn Union, which includes the borough whose "destitution" we have noted above, and a few neighbouring townships, containing a population of between three and four thousand, the number who were in receipt of out-door relief in the week ending 8th November was 17,130, and the cost of their relief was 949*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* In the corresponding week of last year the number relieved was 1,980, and the cost 92*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*; but the normal out-door pauperism of the district costs only about 80*l.* per week. While, therefore, the increase during the last twelve months has been about ten hundred per cent, when compared with the normal pauperism of the district it has been about 1,180 per cent. In the amount of in-door relief no proportionate increase has been made—the resources of the guardians in respect of in-door relief being limited by the size of the workhouse; but a considerable increase has been made in the cost at which the out-relief is administered, in consequence of the large additions which have been made to the staff of officers to enable the guardians to cope with the crisis. At the rate of relief for the week to which the figures we have given refer, the cost to the ratepayers of Blackburn township or borough (they are co-extensive) is equal to a rate of 2*d.* in the pound per week, or 8*s.* 8*d.* in the pound per annum, on the whole rateable value of the property in the township. And, when it is recollected how much the abounding destitution has impoverished the resources of the solvent portion of the population of Lancashire—so that on the most moderate estimate, with respect to the whole of the distressed districts, it is calculated

that the rates have now to be borne by only two-thirds of the rate-paying property—some idea may be formed of the severity of the pressure in Blackburn. When we add to these considerations the fact which we have noted above, that the "pauperism" of Blackburn bears no such proportion as is observable in other places to the destitution which has to be relieved, it will be at once apparent that, were the local rates left to bear unaided the burden of the increasing distress, the result would be little short of the confiscation of the whole property in the township.

II. The labours of the Relief Committee have been a most valuable supplement to the relief given by the guardians, and have saved from "pauperism" a large amount of the destitution. In the earlier months of the distress, when short time and the total stoppage of mills were but partial, the bread and meal distributed by the relief committee supplemented the reduced earnings of many hundreds of families, who, but for that timely aid, would have been unable to subsist. Many thousands who were not poor enough to claim relief from the guardians, but who were, notwithstanding, in want even of necessities, and others who felt a reluctance to become recipients of parish bounty, have received most seasonable assistance from the relief committee. The first fund at the disposal of the committee was commenced towards the close of last year. The local subscriptions were on a comparatively moderate scale—there being an impression that the distress would not last beyond the winter months; but, with grants from the Lord Mayor's Committee and the Central Committee in Manchester, the fund collected and expended up to the time when a second subscription was inaugurated in October last, amounted to 12,592*l*. At the meeting to commence the second subscription, the condition and prospects of the town being very much altered for the worse, (the 1,500 who were wholly out of employment when the first subscription was commenced having increased to about

16,000,) the local subscriptions announced in the room amounted to nearly 10,000*l*. Grants subsequently made by the two committees we have named have placed in the hands of the committee what the ex-mayor of the borough, in handing over the chairmanship of the relief committee to his successor, called "ample resources." The relief committee commenced the distribution of bread and meal in February last; and in the first week the quantity of each which they distributed was about 7,500 lbs. Since then the quantity has increased weekly, of late in a greater ratio than formerly; and now the weekly distribution of each amounts to about 50,000 lbs., at a cost of about 600*l*. Up to September last the committee confined themselves to the distribution of bread and meal, and to the defraying of a small weekly loss on the sale of soup at the soup-kitchen. But in September they commenced to aid the sewing classes, by a sort of capitation grant of 1*s*. per week, which now costs them upwards of 100*l*. per week; and they have more recently resolved to make a grant of a similar amount in aid of the reading classes for young men, which will cost them an additional 60*l*. per week. To the important subject of clothing they are also directing attention, and they have resolved both to increase the scale of relief, and add to the bread and meal which they distribute, tickets which will enable the recipients to procure many little necessities and comforts which their present state of total dependence on public or private charity prevents them from obtaining otherwise. In short, the relief committee appear to be preparing for the exigencies of a very severe winter, and they contemplate nothing less than a weekly expenditure of 1,500*l*.

III. The other modes of relief in operation in Blackburn are Sewing and Reading Classes, and an Industrial School. These are under the management and superintendence of the clergy of the Church, and ministers of different religious denominations, who are assisted

in the sewing classes by the ladies belonging to their respective congregations, while paid teachers, generally some of the better educated of the unemployed operatives, assist in the reading classes and industrial school.

The clergy were the first to establish sewing classes, which they did on a very modest scale, in the room of a little cottage, which accommodated from fifteen to twenty young women. Success crowned the effort; the claimants for admission became numerous beyond the accommodation and means of support which could at first be provided; and the clergy made a special appeal, which met with a liberal response, to their brethren and the friends of the Church in different and distant parts of the country. The result was, first, that the class rooms at the Mechanics' Institution, which are unoccupied during the day, were placed at the disposal of the Clerical Committee for sewing classes, and soon filled by upwards of 200 unemployed factory girls. Subsequently, the Town Hall was placed at the disposal of the Committee, and now upwards of 500 girls crowd that splendid and spacious apartment. In both places, and in the other sewing schools, subsequently opened in different parts of the town, the girls are arranged in classes, under the care of ladies, who have proved themselves zealous volunteers in this work of mercy. The example set by the Church was soon followed by the different congregations of Dissenters, and subsequently by the Roman Catholics. The whole cost of the classes established by the clergy—which increased in numbers weekly at a very rapid ratio—was for the first two months defrayed by the contributions which they received in response to the very urgent personal appeals which they addressed to their friends in different parts of the country. At the time the relief committee decided to give them a grant of 1s. per head per week, the number of girls attending the Church classes was 670, and the weekly cost about 70*l.*, each girl receiving 2*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* per week. Since

then the numbers attending the Church classes have increased to 1,050, and towards the expenses incurred the relief committee make a grant of about 50*l.* weekly—which leaves the clergy a full 50*l.* more to raise by such means as they adopted at their establishment, and during the first two months of their maintenance. The Roman Catholic sewing classes number 680 girls, who receive only the shilling per week allowed by the relief committee. In the classes connected with the various congregations of Protestant Dissenters there are 524 girls, who receive a similar allowance to that given to the girls in the Church classes. The total number of girls and unmarried women in the different sewing classes in the town is now 2,254, and the allowance which the relief committee make on their behalf is 109*l.* In addition to this, however, there are, connected with many of the congregations, classes for married women (on behalf of whom the relief committee make no grant), who receive the same allowance for their work and attendance as the girls. A visit to one of these classes—that at the Town Hall, for instance, where upwards of 500 girls are at work—is a sight to move the heart of the most misanthropic. The cleanly, contented, and cheerful appearance of the girls gives no indication of the calamity which has brought them there; and the visitor will be agreeably surprised to hear them at intervals breaking out into singing with a heartiness and harmony which, in view of the abounding distress, are most cheering.

So soon as success had proved the expediency of sewing classes for girls, the clergy, again in the van, projected the establishment of reading classes for young men. An unoccupied apartment in a weaving factory was placed at their disposal, and about the beginning of September it was opened with a class of about fifty unemployed factory lads, of fourteen years of age and upwards. In the same place there are now in attendance about 400. Other three schools, all in unoccupied factories in different parts of the town, have since been opened,

one of which has now 250, and the others about 100 each, in attendance—making a total of about 850, at a weekly cost in payments to the young men alone, without reference to other expenses, of 35*l*. The classes are under the superintendence of the clergy; reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught; and for five days' attendance per week the allowance is 1*s*. 6*d*.—or 3*d*. per day should the attendance be irregular. These classes also, so orderly and quiet, are a cheering sight in presence of so much distress. The total cost of their formation and maintenance has hitherto been defrayed by the clergy, who have appealed for aid, as they did in respect of the sewing classes, to their brethren in other parts of the country; but the relief committee have now determined, as we have already said, to make a grant towards their support similar to that which they make towards the maintenance of the sewing classes. In connexion with some of the Dissenting congregations there are also classes for young men; but the number in attendance is comparatively limited. A large class has recently been formed by the Roman Catholics, which will, no doubt, greatly increase in numbers so soon as the funds of the relief committee are available for its maintenance.

The Industrial Class in Blackburn, which we have only just named, owns its existence to Mrs. J. G. Potter, of Little Mytton Hall, near Whalley. It is a class which now numbers about 300 men of all ages, who are taught tailoring, shoe-making, clog-mending and the rougher descriptions of carpentry, and during certain hours of the day receive instruction in the ordinary branches of education. The class meets in the unoccupied rooms of a factory, and is under the superintendence of the clergy of Holy Trinity parish—the Rev. Dr. Robinson, incumbent, and the Rev. W. Ogden, the curate. The weekly expense of this class is upwards of 25*l*.; which has hitherto been defrayed by private benevolence.

In the same district of the town, and under the same management, is Mrs. Pot-

ter's Orphanage, or Home Class, where about thirty orphan girls, who would otherwise be homeless, find shelter and many of the comforts which are seldom enjoyed except under the parental roof. This "home class" is in connexion with the "Society for placing unemployed factory women in temporary domestic service." With the existence, and to some extent with the operations of this society, the public are pretty familiar, through the letters which Mrs. Potter has addressed on the subject to the *Times*; and it may suffice here to say that 203 young women have, through the agency of this society, found places of refuge from the destitution which awaits them in Blackburn, and that, with very few exceptions, they express themselves grateful for the blessing, while the benevolent people who have opened their houses for their reception are pleased with their orderly and respectful demeanour. The costs incurred on behalf of this movement are upwards of 700*l*.

In the same district of the town—which is one of the poorest, and where happily there labours a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, who considers no expenditure of time and toil too great in his pious duty—there have been established "Penny Bible reading classes" for both men and women. Their origin was most unpretentious, and their success has been extraordinary. Their origin we may give in the words of the appeal of Dr. Robinson and his curate:—

"Instead of giving indiscriminate help to the crowds of poor starving creatures who constantly come to us for a penny soup ticket, we began, merely as an experiment, penny Bible reading classes at the beginning of last week. For one hour's reading of the Bible we give to each attendant one penny. The men and women are assembled in two separate buildings, under the charge of some of our pious Sunday School teachers. At first about a dozen came, next day about fifty; and, gradually, as the classes became better known, crowds flocked to them, who were taken in and instructed in relays hour by hour, from nine in the morning until twelve, and from two until four o'clock."

The daily attendance at each of these classes is now upwards of one thou-

sand ; and, as they meet five days in the week, upwards of 10,000 pence, or about 42*l.*, are required weekly for their support. This large weekly expenditure has hitherto been defrayed by such contributions as the clergy of Trinity parish have received from the wealthy and benevolent to whom they have addressed their appeals.

In these details of what is being done in Blackburn for the mitigation of an unparalleled calamity, we have taken no account of what individual mill-owners have done, and are doing, on behalf of their own workpeople ; but the lengthy sojourn in the district, which has enabled us to collect these statistical facts, enables us also to say that a great deal is being done by the mill-owners for their workpeople of which the public never hear a whisper. And what is true of Blackburn is true of other places.

The details we have given of the modes and measure of relief adopted in Blackburn are merely illustrations

of what is being done, to a greater or less extent, in scores of other districts. Blackburn represents but a fraction of the distress. As we have shown above, there are upwards of 17,000 of *her* industrious operatives now wholly out of employment, and upwards of 6,000 who are working short time ; but what are these to the 300,000 unemployed and short-time workers in the whole of the Cotton Districts, who have now to claim parochial relief or accept assistance from the different local relief committees ? The appeal which is made to the sympathy and generosity of the nation comes not from 23,000 starving operatives, who have been left helpless amidst an impoverished population, but on behalf of upwards of 300,000 unemployed and short-time workers, who have not the means of earning their daily bread by daily toil. To that appeal there has been, and there has still need to be, a liberal response, for the calamity is still on the increase, and the prospect of happier times is still distant as ever.

POSTSCRIPT.

So far our Contributor. The few words that we shall add are from a more remote and general point of view :—

1. There seems to be no reason for doubting that, though in certain special quarters there may be good ground for accusation of shortcoming, Lancashire, as a whole, has done a great deal. This, we think, is indirectly brought out in the facts stated by our contributor. But a writer in one of our most influential journals has ventured on a precise estimate. Defining the distress up to the present moment as having consisted in the reduction of a mass of people, now numbering 350,000, from a condition of comparative comfort to a condition of bare and hard subsistence, resembling that of the lowest agricultural labourers, this writer calculates that four-fifths of the supplies which have hitherto sustained the distressed up to that level, and prevented them from falling into the lower deep of starvation, have been contributed by Lancashire itself.

2. It is, nevertheless, good—at all events, it is natural—that all the rest of Britain should now look on critically to see how Lancashire behaves. It has jarred on some, indeed, to hear the language of the Heptarchy revived in connexion with such a matter—to hear Wessex upbraiding the flower of the population of old Northumbria and Mercia with greed and want of manliness, and Northumbria and Mercia retorting with the question whether *their* method of high wages and low poor-rates or the Wessex method of low wages and high poor-rates argues the sounder human metal hitherto. Even this form of the discussion, however, is not altogether to be discouraged. Nay, should it be

enlarged into a controversy between the whole agricultural South-England of the Saxons and the whole manufacturing North-England of the Angles as to the merits of their respective systems of society, the results cannot fail to be useful. It is to a great extent owing to the admiration of the energy of Lancashire until now that her behaviour in the present crisis of her fortunes is so jealously watched. Lancashire ought to know this, and to take note of manifestations which amount to nothing less than an eagerness to see whether she will come out of the present crisis retaining, or having lost, her weight and leadership in the political system of the country. It is incumbent not only that she should do her utmost in all ways, but also that all the publicity of exact statistics should be given to what is being done by Lancashire men in every shape. If blame is to fall on any, it would thus fall on the right persons. These, it is alleged, would not be mainly the mill-owners.

3. It is noble to see the whole of Britain, nay of the empire, astir, as it now is, to tide over a grand national calamity. It will be a grand thing if the voluntary benevolence of the nation and the rough temporary machinery that has been devised for its administration, apart from the State, shall fairly support the new and increasing mass of destitution till the return of better days. Whether, if the crisis lasts long, voluntary benevolence will furnish the five millions sterling which, it is calculated, may then be about the necessary expense, remains to be seen. The push now being made in the forms of donations, collections, and subscriptions of fixed sums weekly for various terms, ought, at all events, to make all clear on to the time when Parliament will meet, and when the question of State-action may, if necessary, be raised. It is curious, in an age when we are told that Government is a vanishing quantity in human affairs, to see our nation compelled to extemporize a Government to deal with a particular exigency. For what is that organization for the relief of the Lancashire distress which is headed by Lord Derby and others but a Government *pro re nata*, alongside of the general Government, and slightly linked to it?

4. An unexceptionably good feature in the present management of the destitution consists in the efforts made everywhere, as by a common instinct, on the part of persons of influence, and especially of the clergy, to convert this time of compulsory idleness into a time, at least, of instruction for the sufferers—of lessons in reading, writing, sewing, and the like, as well as in religion. Of course, the query sure to suggest itself to one hearing in a general way of such distress, is, "Might not some forms of employment be found or devised for numbers of the destitute, so that, as the money must be supplied them anyhow, they might be doing something?" Such are the difficulties in the present case, however—where the destitute are operatives trained in a particular industry, and who can neither be dispersed, nor set to unaccustomed work in large numbers—that, only to a very small extent, has anything of the kind been found possible. Even were the operatives of a different and less select class, the country, we believe, would be the less disposed to press for experiments in employing them, from recollecting the mess that was made of road-making and other public works during the Irish Famine. On the whole, it will be satisfactory if arrangements can be made so as to save the sufferers from the worst perils of idleness. But, of all conceivable kinds of arrangement, none is so thoroughly good in every respect as that which should aim at converting this period of grief and bodily prostration for so many thousands, into a period of mental improvement for all, and of quiet elementary schooling for those who need it. It is to the credit of the clergy, that *they* have hitherto perceived this most clearly, and have claimed the season of distress as a teaching-season furnished to their hands. But the teaching arrangements, already put in action by the clergy and others, are capable of being extended and systematized.—
EDITOR.